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Wm. Moorhead





# HEART-BEATS

BY

P. C. MOZOOMDAR

With a Biographical Sketch of the Author

BY

SAMUEL J. BARROWS

BOSTON

GEO. H. ELLIS, 141 FRANKLIN STREET

1894

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1893

## PROTAP CHUNDER MOZOOMDAR.

### A BIOGRAPHICAL SKETCH.

AN Occidental reader, fed on current newspaper diet, may wonder why it is that Mr. Mozoomdar should be willing to reveal to the world his deeper moral and spiritual life, his religious growth and aspiration, but should shrink from having anything said about his personality. I have only been able to obtain from him a grudging consent to write even the simplest detail of his personal life and history. The reason undoubtedly is that Mr. Mozoomdar is so completely identified with his work, and so habitually lives in the contemplation of universal principles and the Universal Life, that he shrinks from bringing into contrast concrete elements of individual history. Egotism or vanity in any form is as far removed from him as from any human being I have ever seen. While he emphasizes personality in his work and in his religious con-



ceptions, no one could be less obtrusive, less self-asserting. I have felt, however, that this little book, which is the outcome of his deeper life, ought not to go to the public without some brief biographical sketch of its author. The interest that his two visits to America have excited, and the many questions regarding him which have been put to me, confirm this impression.

The life of Mr. Mozoomdar has not been externally eventful. It has not been a life of kaleidoscopic changes and great alternations, like that of many a self-made man. It has been rather the life of a thinker, a prophet, and a reformer, but a life which has had its noble efforts and its personal and spiritual triumphs.

Protap Chunder Mozoomdar was born in October, 1840. The name Protap means strength; Chunder, the moon. Mozoomdar is the family name. His horoscope must have been written; but, both parents dying early, nobody took interest in preserving that document. He was born in a village called Bansbaria, nearly seven miles from Hughly to the north, twenty-four miles from Calcutta. Being the first child

of his father, and a male child at that, his father being the first born of his grandfather, and his grandfather being a man of some consequence, his old nurse used to tell him that there was a good deal of fuss at his birth. They beat tom-toms, blew conch-shells, and gave away quantities of oil in brass pots to the people of the village. "I remember nothing of my baby days," says Mr. Mozoomdar, "except that I had a high head, a lean body,—a regular tadpole,—and my milk teeth were all worm-eaten; but at times curious sensations of sacred joy come floating from this darkness of infancy, present themselves before my consciousness, and are immediately claimed as old acquaintances. The sight of some color or some flower, a moment of health or joyous experience, suddenly recalls the time the chief feature of which was an impetuous happiness and a sense of glory. My life on earth began in joy." This joy was not uninterrupted, however. When he was about three years old, he followed one evening his mother to the top of the house, where some branches of a bale-tree that grew inside the compound fell drooping on the parapet, with masses

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of leaves and flowers. There were also many waterspouts, inside of which the little boy heard a curious buzzing activity. It was evidently the nest of some insect. Breaking a twig from the tree, he thrust it vigorously into the depth of the spout. The result is thus described in his own words: "In a moment dozens of furious hornets flew around me, horridly trumpeting, and fastening themselves viciously to all parts of my body. My cries drew my mother to my side. She was stung so severely that she had to call for assistance. It was some time before the little monsters could be taken out of my skin. They could not be taken out alive. People thought I could not survive the effects. The hornets of Bengal have killed many grown up persons. I recovered, but carry the marks of this encounter all over my body to this day."

His infancy was spent at Garifa, an ancestral village where his father and grandfather were reared. The river Hughly was a standing wonder to him, with its boats of many sizes, some with fishing-nets a long way out in the water, and some with great white sails filled with the wind. The town of Hughly on the other side, with its

strand, its steeples, its dimly seen houses, ghats, and roads, was a sort of future world, the realities of which he feared to inquire into. "I was allowed to bathe," he said, "in the river once a week, along with other boys; but I was always escorted by a servant, who smeared me, as well as himself, with plenty of mustard oil. I splashed about in all directions in worthless efforts at learning to swim, got half-choked now and then, gulped down a good deal of water whenever out of my depth, and on one occasion narrowly escaped drowning; but I never tired of the water. Nor do I ever get tired of reflecting on these infant experiences. Like some invisible writing on the wall, which fades and rekindles, and fades away again, the sense of infancy clings to me. It revives in the purest moments of my being. It is lost when I fall away. The faith is in me that the lustreful joyousness, free-born innocence, and fearless safety of infancy are recoverable, partly here, wholly elsewhere. Of true life, in any stage of its growth, nothing dies; whether of joy or wisdom, of love or purity, all that is true is put into the man from the Eternal who surrounds him."

His earliest education was begun in the home. In his house in the village there was a Patshalla, or village school, where many village boys came to learn. "We all squatted on the floor, each on his square mat, rather ragged, under a large straw shed in the middle of the courtyard. Each boy carried his earthen ink-pot either in his hand or suspended from strings, and his mat in a long roll under his arm, with the palm-leaves, on which he practised his alphabet, sticking out at one end. The very beginners, like myself, wrote with bamboo pens on palm-leaves; those who were older wrote on plantain-leaves; only those who belonged to the highest order of scholarship were allowed to use paper. Generally, they were content to write on dirty old newspaper; but on rare occasions they were indulged with rough Serampore paper, as well as reed pens. Those reed pens were the cynosure of all eyes: we hated our grimy bamboo ones. We were all very noisy, because whatever each boy wrote, whether it was a syllable or a sum, he proclaimed with a nasal intonation, so that the master, who was always dozing or smoking his hookah might make sure that we were hard

at work, and the boy himself might feel a zest in his literary progress. We were also very inky, as a sign that we meant to do our business in earnest. But there was another reason for it. No sooner had a boy made a blot in writing than he wiped out the ink with his fingers, rubbing the fingers on his head, which was a sort of universal blotting-pad and pen-brush. Or he licked out the ink with his tongue: if it felt distasteful, which it always did, he rubbed the tongue with his dhotie. So from head to foot he was full of ink. We perhaps did not learn much; but what little we did learn was without constraint, and in joy. The Patshalla was a friendly gathering, and suited every one."

In some autobiographical notes, which I fished out of Mr. Mozoomdar's bag, and righteously confiscated, under cover of his reluctant consent, he has given some pictures of his early teachers, one of which will convey some idea to a Western reader of his early school life in India:—

"The first schoolmaster I remember perfectly. He was an oldish man, with a round, good-humored face, clean-shaven, rather fat, but not of large size. He was the sircar, or clerk, of



the house, as well as guru-mahashai, or preceptor. He shaved the front half of his head; and on the back he wore a large tuft of hair tied in a loop, which, when he was in a careless mood, fell loose on his shoulders in a sable silvered mass. He always chewed the pan (betel leaf) and smoked the hookah; and he seldom caned us, unless seriously annoyed. He taught us no end of funny child-rhyme, and other pleasant nonsense, which sometimes still effervesces in my head. We all loved him and his cane petara, or box, which he sometimes opened in our presence. Into the contents we pried curiously, with the hope of finding a sweetmeat or a plaything. Now and then I ventured into his kitchen, watched his cooking, and sang to him at his bidding, though my song was always a failure. The words and the tunes failed me equally: he laughed; and I, too, was obliged to laugh, but I felt as if I should cry. The old guru-mahashai went home, did not come back for a long time, and then we heard he was dead. We missed him long and sorely: his figure comes to mind most vividly; and, when his successor came, we dismissed his memory with sadness and affection."

The young boy was prompt at his lessons, and particularly good at arithmetic. This sounds strange to him now in view of what he terms his "mathematical Nirvana in after life." But this failure he attributes to the early death of his father. His father is recalled with greatest tenderness and affection, and in the pages to which I have had access there are these devout reminiscences: "In the dim, far, sad past I trace my father's face, a large, generous, loving face, in which great impulsiveness was written in strong characters. He was a stout, florid, full-sized man, very kind, very angry, frank, artless, warm-hearted beyond discretion, but not very learned. He was educated up to the ordinary standard of those times, was a teacher in the Hughly College for some time, and then a senior clerk in the bank. I believe he had some leanings toward the Brahmo-Somaj; for I faintly recollect he had some volumes of the *Tatwabodhini Pattrika*, the organ of the *Adi Brahmo-Somaj*, in his room. Oh that he had lived a few years longer for me to have known him better! Oh that he had gone after putting me under the care of some one able to take care of

me, and teach me! But he died very early, too soon. In fact, he could not have been more than thirty-two when he died, and I was about nine. He left me an orphan under the care of my young mother, who knew not what to do under the paralysis of her great sorrow. The village woodmen speak of him with tears in their eyes. He always lent them money, took it not, but gave them more. The village widows talk of him to bless his memory. And the village boys, who have grown into older men than myself, mention him with honor and affection. He taught them, and read with them, and preferred them before his own son. He often showed severity to me outwardly; but I know he always loved his boy in the heart of his heart, with all the fulness and fondness that there was in him. I have not lived to be a father, and know not what to expect of a son; but I do know in his simple soul he found in me some promise, and there were endless plans for the future of his first-born child. Have I fulfilled that promise? From thy serene blessedness in a better world, O thou dear long-lost parent, dost thou realize that future in my uneven life? Has thy son

proved worthy of thy hope and wish, as thou hopest and wishest in heaven? Speak, guardian spirit, speak to thy listening offspring, and inspire fresh resolves and ideals in my heart."

Not less tender and vivid are his memories of his mother, of whom with filial piety he has written in these private reminiscences. "She was a beautiful being, young, high-minded, intelligent, queenly in her features. She was unlettered, like other women of her time; but she was a lady with the high training of her caste and her position. She became a widow at about twenty-five, and loved me as a heart-stricken widow can love her growing son. She wished I should be comfortable, and learn the best that a boy of my age should. But her means were very limited, and she could have no hand in my education. At times she could not help buying me an article of dress or ornament, a cap now, a gold chain then, because in those days every one seemed to be doing better than her poor orphaned boy. The little money she had from the family funds for her expenses was not enough for the frequent presents she sent to my two married sisters: my younger brother was

an infant, and what little was left was spent on me. My dear mother always ate the coarsest food, and but once in the day. Her clothing was simple and rough: she chose no end of hardships for herself. No one compelled her: she did it all out of the deep, incurable grief in her heart. She fasted twice in the month, without taking so much as a drop of water in the hot long day and night. She often overworked and tired herself, and seemed anxious for nothing except her death. That death at last came. It came on the night of her fortnightly fast, in July, 1858. I returned rather late from Keshub's house, found she had gone to bed, complaining that she had a slight disorder of the stomach. As she was subject to such complaints, I did not think much about it. Later, at about one o'clock, I was called up, and learned she was very ill. Hastening to her side, I found her voiceless, deaf, and livid. She had got the worst type of cholera. Everybody in the house was up except my uncle, who was the Karta (Head). Nobody seemed to care to call in a doctor: everybody was evidently prepared for her death. My perplexity and distress

may be imagined. Rushing to speak to my uncles, I was not admitted to their rooms; and no one, not even a servant, would go for a medical man. Maddened and despairing, I rushed into the streets, tried to call up Keshub and other friends; but every gate was shut for the night. I ran to a doctor's house in the neighborhood, but his servant turned me out. I don't know into how many places I went, and pleaded my poor, dying mother's case, but could get no medical help. Returning home by about dawn, I found her in a state of collapse, but still conscious. On seeing me, she struck her forehead with her hand to show that all hope was gone. A doctor came not long after, but it was too late. She ceased to breathe by about 8 A.M. I was motherless at nineteen. What need to bewail the world's hard-heartedness? What need to curse the selfish cruelty of men and women to the wretched, forsaken Hindu widow? To them she was a widow only: to me, my dear mother, the sole guardian and friend I had in all the world. In time the dearest cease to miss their dearest: all incurable wounds are healed. I have now the blessed love of a devoted, good

wife. I have the unspeakable consolations of the grace of God. But when I am very hard-pressed in the struggles of life, and very tired, Mother, I feel I would rest my head on thy dear bosom, as I used to do when I was a sick child, and thou wert near. O blessed angelic being, if it be possible for thy spirit to touch mine, draw near to me, draw near and impart unto me the calmness of the peace of God !”

“I do not care whether all or many widows remarry; but I do feel they should be more loved, nursed, and cared for, more humanity shown to them. It is not true that they are always persecuted, not true at least in Bengal. They willingly court the miseries under which so many, like my loved and honored mother, die. But if men were more compassionate, and society recognized their right to the commonest necessities of life, perhaps they would be less hard on themselves, and many a heart-stricken son would be spared the misery I felt when I found my mother’s beloved life sink under the load of the world’s neglect and indifference.”

Even at a very early age his religious nature began to feel the mystic thrill and prophecy of

the God-life: "Can a child know God? I sometimes heard people speak of the Thakur (domestic deity), and felt a vague awe. But I well remember at times I beheld a light of glory, a joy, a beauty, which was almost, though not quite, personal. I saw, but I was unconscious of what I saw. Now I know what it was. The recognition of God as life has illumined the past, present, and future. The Unknown, whom as a child I ignorantly saw, I have known, recognized, and worshipped as a man. Talk to your child as if he, too, sees what you see and trusts what you trust. Talk to him of the present God, the living God, the bright, joyous, beautiful, loving God: there is no knowing what his simple natural faith will ripen into or reveal."

The happy days in the early Patshalla were to give way to harsher experiences. Many marvel at Mr. Mozoomdar's remarkable command of English. To such it may be of sympathetic interest to describe his early and then fruitless struggles with our language:—

"I got over my elementary, vernacular training smoothly enough. I have no disagreeable recollections about it. My troubles commenced



with the English alphabet. There was a dignity in beginning to learn English in those days, but in my case fear swallowed the self-consciousness. I was an exceedingly sensitive and timid child. Kindness could have opened out no end of possibilities in me. Harshness was positively killing. And this harshness met me at the very threshold of my English education. Strangely enough, I could never make out the difference between *b* and *c*, always confounding the one with the other, and the smart raps on the head I got at each blunder did not at all help my intelligence: my streaming eyes obstructed my seeing what was what. Every time I opened my primer, it seemed to put on a new appearance, because, I remember, I often opened it upside down. It looked all so strange and unfamiliar that I shut the book in despair, and stood in anticipation of the rapping and caning which it suggested. I hope little boys (I could not have been more than six then) are not so much beaten now. Boys may be beaten now and then for being wicked or disobedient or wilfully careless, but never for being nervous or confused or helpless. Caning and browbeating drive away what

little smartness may be left in a poor, timid, delicately organized little fellow. I sadly and fondly reflect how much I could have learned if anybody had taught me lovingly, gently, placing himself in the situation of a frightened child who was not dull, but required a little kindness to bring out what was in him. Perhaps flogging in public schools should not be wholly dispensed with, but except for very grave moral irregularity it ought never to be resorted to. Three-fourths of the cowardliness of Bengali boys come from the habitual fear of cruel punishments. Now, in the village Patshalla, under the old guru-mahashai, with the topknot and the round face, I learned everything joyfully, taking great leaps from one lesson to another, from one subject to another, brilliant even in arithmetic, the *bête noire* of my whole school life. Why was it so different when I went to learn English? The turban, the twisting of the mustache, the fierce striking of the rattan on the table, and the general inscrutability of the schoolmaster's face annihilated all my powers of calculation. The schoolmaster seemed to take greater pride in terrifying me than in teaching me."

Mr. Mozoomdar was in the Hughly College for about a year, when his family removed to Calcutta. He first entered Hare School, and soon afterwards the Hindu College. "Amidst all the frightful unsympathetic race of school-masters," he says, "I remember one exception. That was the late Babu Gopi Mohan Mittra, teacher of the third junior class, and afterward head of the Calcutta Public Library. He could be severe if he liked; but he was kind, positively affectionate, to me,—why I cannot say. His kindness had a remarkable effect on me. I did well in every branch of study, and even my mathematics looked up. I could work a sum with as little difficulty as any other boy; but in geography, history, English prose and poetry, I was decidedly above par. I got the first prize of the form and a double promotion, getting at a bound to the junior first."

In six months there was another class examination, and Mozoomdar's name stood at the top of the junior first; and he was promoted again. He is disposed to think these rapid promotions injudicious. "I entered the dreaded senior department before my time. There was no one to

show sympathy with my triumphs, not one to give a warning of the dangers ahead. I was completely alone in my struggles in the junior classes, and in solitude I was ushered into the senior. It was located in a separate building. There was a large shady tree on the compound ; and there was a still, rarefied atmosphere in which the English teachers (awful beings) lived, and moved on tiptoe. In the class-rooms the English language was always spoken, geometry was taught, diagrams were drawn on the black-board, and no end of other scholastic marvels were wrought daily. I went in great fear, but was not unkindly received. It did not turn my head, but it broke the continuity of the growth of my powers. I had by this time picked up some knowledge of the English language, and was quite able to keep abreast of the usual studies ; but the too rapid promotion did me one fearful harm,—it broke the link of my mathematical progress. From the simple rule of three to the four books of Euclid was a very big jump, and I fell through most hopelessly. My old horror of mathematics returned. If any one had helped me, I could have weathered the

trial; but no one cared. The teachers did not take the least interest in my improvement. They did not flog me, as in the junior classes: they were simply stolid and indifferent. What I could do by my own efforts I did: what I could not do was never taught me, and was therefore never done. The school was not a place for learning, but a place for rehearsal: what we learned at home we repeated there. This was successfully done by boys who had private tutors. These passed as the cocks of the class: the others were dunces; but no pains were taken to sharpen the powers of the dull, or to help the timid and the backward."

"Thus a too reckless repression spoiled my powers as an infant, and a too reckless promotion spoiled my powers as a boy. Perhaps I should not say 'spoiled,' because my powers were neither wasted nor deformed, but reserved for a later growth. It, however, remains true that all self-education is more or less without system; and the absence of system in youth means carelessness and languor in manhood."

Two years were then spent in the Presidency College, where the student was a favorite with

all the professors except the mathematical one. This finished his academical course. Thus in the year 1859, a year after his marriage, he was left adrift in the world. He describes himself as "a spirited young man, with plenty of intelligence, sentiment, and power of language, but without much force of character and with insufficient principles." He recalls now with pain the evil associations into which he was thrown, and the low moral condition of much of Bengali society.

Reflecting upon his early career, Mr. Mozoomdar attributes to personal influences greater effect in forming his mind than all the books he waded through. Two men have powerfully influenced his destiny : one, his cousin and devoted friend, Keshub Chunder Sen ; the other, Devendra Nath Tagore, one of the patriarchs of the Brahmo-Somaj. The latter stood before the young man in his character as a finished piece of workmanship, to be admired, loved, and, as far as possible, imitated. Keshub was yet unfinished. But he had the fascination of a growing beautiful character. "He grew with and into us from within : he was in perpetual contact

with us. He was most natural, and made everything about him as wholesome as the earth and air. He was so true, strong, warm, elevated, and magnetic that he became to me really a part of myself, the better part. He was like another self to me, a higher, holier, diviner self. Yes: we grew together, he in one direction, and I in a somewhat different. I was conscious of the difference; but he grew into me, and I grew into him, in a relationship which outlived the separation of death itself."

Mr. Mozoomdar has left on record more than once his disapproval of child-marriages, but this is not due to any misfortune in his own experience. One of the most joyous events in his early recollection was that of his youthful marriage.

"At eighteen years I was a married man. My friends and relatives were married earlier. My mother made it a grievance—and I half agreed with her, though I could not give it out for very shame—that I was kept unmarried till so late. Boys were married more for the satisfaction of their parents than for their own sake, because the little plaything of a daughter-in-law was a

sort of ornamental appendage to the house. But it was not a little joy to my private feelings that at last the grand crisis of my life was approaching. It was, I believe, about the year 1858. The alarm and excitement of the Mutiny had not yet subsided, the streets of Calcutta were still patrolled at night by ragamuffin East Indian volunteers, passes had to be taken out from the police for every procession; and in my case it was for a time considered doubtful whether the bridegroom's passage could be made as imposing as my friends wished it. But they managed to procure a braying, second-rate European brass band, got together some grand lights, hired a lot of coolies, and the tom-toms beat, the Sanais piped. I was seated on a tonjon, dressed up in gold and tinsel, like a Christmas cake; and the rabble moved on to the bride's house with as much noise, shouting, and disorder as they could produce. But, though I was half-starved with fasting, and the smoke of the Roman candles nearly choked me, the bands, European and native, deafened me, and the coolies who carried me threatened to hurl me into the ditch, I felt the exhilaration of a Roman conqueror. A



namless expectation raised my spirits. On no occasion of my life do I remember to have experienced a similar elation. When Keshub returned from England in 1870, and we brought him home in triumph, I was much excited. When I returned from Europe in 1874, and Keshub illuminated his house and escorted me home from Allahabad, I was also excited. Some of my very successful meetings in America pleased me exceedingly. But nothing could be compared to the wild joyousness, or brilliant anticipations of that dark July night when I moved in procession with my friends and relatives from Colutala to Chorebagan to marry my child-wife.

“Marriage is an immortal mystery. The hand of destiny is surely on it. It is a God-arranged adaptation. Saudāmini, my intended wife, was about eleven, of course unlettered like other girls of her age. I had but glimpses of her once or twice before, but directly the ceremonies were completed I was over head and ears in love with her. Cupid is blind, and even child-marriage does not give him the fatal eyesight. I am sure that thousands have felt as I

did. How is this love to be accounted for? An ardent, youthful preoccupation of the mind, a sense of the inevitable, a fancy, a passing fun? Far, far from that. From the night of that far-off wedding, thirty-three years ago, down to this day, I have cherished my dear wife as if I had elected her from the choicest womanhood of the world; and my affection, true as it is, is but a pale poor shadow beside the fadeless love and increasing service with which she has blessed my solitary life. There is, indeed, a mysterious dispensation in marriage, as in birth and death. Those who are led to it by the hand of God, as my poor little wife and I were, and accept the leading in filial obedience and childlike joy, find in it the strength, progress, repose, and guardianship of all their future life. I do not approve of child-marriages. I do not at all believe in unlimited courtships; but there is such a thing as preordained purpose in every true marriage, and love at first sight does often mean union of life and heart forever. The mysterious power of the sacrament of marriage, if submitted to in a faithful spirit, may call forth what is deepest, purest, and tenderest in man and woman; and

marriage itself is sufficient for its pre-requisites and after-requisites. The mismated can improve their relations. The contrary-minded can make their path smooth if they have faith in marriage as a sacred institution.

“Men and women expect of each other more than can be got in life from their circumstances. All men are not the same, nor are all women. Each one is environed by peculiar disabilities, account for them as you may. And the wisest thing for all who marry is to know their respective limitations, with the moral resolve never to ask anything beyond. Beauty of appearance, sweetness of temperament, devotedness of service, readiness of sympathy, refinement of taste, are special blessings, and are, on the whole, evenly balanced in human households.”

We now come to Mr. Mozoomdar's connection with the Brahmo-Somaj. Somaj means society; Brahmo, worshipper of God. This religious movement in India was begun under the leadership and inspiration of Ram Mohun Roy. It was a movement out of the limitations of Hinduism toward universal religion. Ram Mohun Roy, like the remarkable men who have

followed him in the leadership of this movement, recognized the good in all systems of religion, and did not wish to be bound by the traditions or limitations of any. The movement was ethical, and reformatory as well as religious. It was directed against the caste system, against the evils of early marriage, the burning of widows, and sought the emancipation of women from the seclusion, darkness, and ignorance of traditional Orientalism. Mr. Mozoomdar first formally identified himself with this movement by signing the covenant in 1859. The initiation of Brahmos had become a common thing then. But it was a great event to the young man of nineteen, and he trembled all over when he signed the covenant. To him it was no nominal, perfunctory act. It meant personal sacrifice, alienation from friends, bitter sorrows as well as grand inspirations, uplifting experiences, and glorious triumphs. The Brahmo-Somaj was then in a transition state. It was still partially submerged in Hinduism, with strong tendencies toward Europeanism. Little was expected from a man who accepted the covenant except, perhaps, a few annas as yearly

subscription, and attendance at the grand feast which Babu Devendra Nath Tagore gave during the anniversary celebration. "I doubt very much," says Mr. Mozoomdar, "if any Brahmo had the habit of daily prayer; and, as for gross, idolatrous practices, no one ever dreamed of giving them up. But the Brahmos were generally taken to be truth-speaking, honest men, with more or less advanced views on the subject of Hindu theology."

The character of the Brahmo-Somaj was much modified by the influence which Keshub and Mr. Mozoomdar exercised in its development. It is interesting to watch the growth of a new religious movement, especially one which emerges from Hinduism into the nobler theism of the Brahmo-Somaj. Referring to this early period, our author says:—

"With me and my companions the prevailing feature of religious life was an extreme sentimentalism. There was no end to our weeping at the time of prayer and sermon. Shedding copious tears was thought to be the perfection of devoutness; and there was a sense of vague, intense grandeur about everything done in the

Somaj. One distinctive peculiarity as Keshub's associates was that we prayed every day,—not, indeed, very strictly, according to the forms of the Brahmo-Somaj, but according to the needs and impulses of our own hearts. Our views were unidolatrous and rationalistic, but they were very indefinite; and all that Keshub taught we accepted without question. Devendra Nath Tagore was our spiritual preceptor: Keshub was our philosopher, guide, and friend. We never cared to claim the right of independent thought. We had plenty of spirit, intelligence, and emotion; and we made great struggle to improve our moral character. We never thought it a duty to protest against what our guides told us to do. They moulded us as they thought best, and we suffered it instinctively and lovingly. It was a sweet spiritual discipleship, and nothing like it is known in these days. The band of men who submitted to this kind of leading have now become the leaders of the movement in their turn; but, so far as visible, few have submitted to their leading.

“A different kind of relationship now pervades the Brahmó-Somaj. In the course of years the

rupture with Devendra Nath Tagore occurred, and then we were left under Keshub's direction entirely. He influenced us not so much by any namable influence as by his superior humanity. The fact is that, when we entered the Brahmo-Somaj, there was no religion in it. There was some refined social life, some spirit of organization, some amount of moral character, a good deal of pious sentiment in Devendra Nath Tagore, but no faith, no devotion, no aspiration after the holiness of personal life outside his example. All the peculiar type of religious life which the Brahmo-Somaj has come to possess is the result of the spiritual genius of Keshub Chunder Sen. The Adi-Brahmo-Somaj is very much what it was in those days. It is needless to try to give here a metaphysical or historical analysis of how the Brahmo Somaj came to be what it now is. I have done that in my books. It is only necessary to say that the union of kindred spirits, worked upon incessantly by the Spirit of God, and led on by one of the greatest men whom the world ever saw, produced all the power and all the promise of the movement. From a small sect it grew up to be a Universal

Church ; but, unfortunately, it now threatens to divide into a small sect again."

His acceptance of the principles of the Brahmo-Somaj produced an important influence on his domestic relations. The fact of joining the Somaj did not in itself involve any ostracism ; but, when he insisted upon maintaining social relations with outcast families, and refused to have anything to do with idolatrous or even superstitious practices of any kind, they began to grumble. And when at last he took his wife to the house of Babu Devendra Nath Tagore, on the day of Keshub's appointment to the Brahmo-Somaj ministry in 1862, there was an open and wide breach. But this courageous step was necessary, if the Brahmo-Somaj was to fulfil its mission. "When we began," said Mr. Mozoomdar, in an address in Boston, "where were our women? Our young men were superfine in their ideas, exquisite in their taste, Occidental in their philosophy, Anglicized in their dress ; but our women were at home, sitting in darkness. The light was all on the side of the young man." It was a dangerous experiment to take this new religion to the women also. In the



same address Mr. Mozoomdar said : " I remember very well that dreadful April evening when Chunder Sen and myself took our young wives to that meeting at the house of Devendra Nath Tagore. He had lost his caste ; but our caste, though shaky, had not been lost. All went very well. The meeting was successful : the prayers were stirring, and the hymns elevating ; but, as the dark hours of evening approached, two little missives were brought from our elderly relatives, which said in effect : ' Since you have violated the wishes of your guardians, in taking yourselves and your wives to the house of an excommunicated man, you are no longer welcome at our houses. Go, and provide for yourselves.' "

Mr. Mozoomdar determined for once to stand on his rights. He would cross the threshold, and see what came of it. But his poor wife trembled from head to foot. How could she go and show her face to women who were so furious ? Her husband took her firmly by the hand, and said, " We must go. " All the houses in the neighborhood were crowded ; every house-top was full of women ; every house door was full of men. They were curious to see the destiny that

awaited her. There was no open violence, but that fearful boycotting which was one of the consequences of excommunication was immediately experienced. No cook would prepare their meals. No servant would touch their clothes. The people in the neighborhood would not talk to them. The experience was painful and humiliating. His wife, in this emergency, managed things with the firmness, heartiness and industry which have always characterized her.

The reader will find in this volume more than one beautiful tribute by Mr. Mozoomdar to the wife who has been so long his faithful helpmeet. Referring to the practice of child marriage, and to the fact that arrangements are made by parents without consulting their children, Mr. Mozoomdar is disposed to believe that the average happiness in the Hindu family is as great as that which is experienced under our freer and more natural methods of marriage arrangement. "If all the women of the world," he has said, "were to pass before me, I would choose my dear wife above them all. And every added year of my life confirms me in this feeling." In a conversation with the writer, Mr. Mozoomdar

recently said: "My wife has had a wonderful power of work. If it had not been for her, I could not have got on at all. I am so absent-minded, and impractical in the pursuits of life. Work which ought to have been mine in the administration and management of my affairs she has taken and fulfilled much better than I could have done."

With his cousin, Keshub Chunder Sen, young Mozoomdar, after leaving college, was for a time employed in a bank. Mr. Mozoomdar smiles a little, and those who know him well may smile also, at his undertaking a business career. It soon became evident, not only to himself, but to the officers of the bank, that this was not his natural sphere. The young man had an irresistible inclination to write prayers and devotional exercises even in bank hours; and one day, when the devotional spirit had come over him, he seized a piece of paper, and was writing down his ardent thought when an officer of the bank stepped behind him, and, touching him with his cold, unsympathetic hand, said, "Is this the way you are using bank time?" It is possible that a modern commercial agency might

rate the habits of a devotional young man somewhat higher than those of young men who are less devotional and more profligate. But later, when the head of the bank issued a stringent order which interfered with the liberty of the employees in other directions, Mr. Mozoomdar withdrew from the uncongenial position.

Mr. Mozoomdar's father left him a patrimony of 15,000 rupees, equal to \$6,000. Through mismanagement of the guardian much of this patrimony was wasted; and, when a settlement was effected, but 10,000 rupees were left.

The social ostracism induced by joining the Brahmo-Somaj, and the irregularities of the family in which he lived, led the young Brahmo and his wife to long for a home of their own. An opportunity presented itself when Mr. Mozoomdar was called to the editorship of the *Indian Mirror*, a paper established by the Sen family, first as a fortnightly, then as a weekly, and afterwards as a daily. Mr. Mozoomdar had been a frequent contributor. When it became a daily, in 1870, he took editorial charge, and removed with his wife to rooms in the same building with the office. Thus his connection with the

family household ceased. But he loved the house and its inmates; and he and his wife often went there, and were kindly received. Mr. Mozoomdar worked hard on the *Mirror*, and the little household was peaceable and prosperous.

When he was about twenty-five years of age, Mr. Mozoomdar began to preach in the vernacular. He has preached not only in Bengali, but also in Hindostanee. The great medium, however, for communication in different provinces in India is English. His early studies in English — the hardships of which have been detailed in the earlier parts of this sketch — were of little benefit. But his practice in writing on the *Mirror* was of great value. He drank in deep draughts of English literature, and read everything he could lay his hands on, especially in the department of philosophy. But it was not until he was nearly thirty years of age that he began to preach and make public addresses in English. Since his active connection with the Brahmo-Somaj, his life has been wholly given to the development of its religious principles. This he has done more through preaching and writing than through work as an organizer.

In 1874 he made his first visit to England leaving India in March and returning in December. In 1883 he revisited England, and then extended his journey to America. The memory of his visit, and the inspiration and enthusiasm it awakened, will still be fresh in the minds of many who read this book. He returned to India by way of San Francisco, stopping in Japan and lecturing in the University. It was during his first visit to America that he completed the manuscript of his "Oriental Christ," published in 1883. This remarkable volume at once was recognized as the product of a devout mind, active intellect, and a glowing imagination. It was essentially a new contribution to Christology. Mr. Mozoomdar has also written the following volumes: "The Faith and Progress of the Brahmo-Somaj," written and published in India; "Sketches of a Tour around the World"; "The Life and Teachings of Keshub Chunder Sen" (written soon after the death of his devoted friend, who passed away just before Mr. Mozoomdar's return to India in 1883); and "Aids to Moral Character." At the present time he has in press, in addition to this volume, another work, entitled "The Spirit of God."

Mr. Mozoomdar came again to this country in September, 1893, to attend the meeting of the Parliament of Religions, where he read a paper on "The World's Religious Debt to Asia." In Boston he was invited to deliver four lectures on India before the Lowell Institute. So great was the interest in these lectures that he was induced to repeat them afternoons, under the same auspices, to a crowded hall. These lectures were reported and published in the *Christian Register*. He has preached in many pulpits in Boston, also in Appleton Chapel, Harvard University, and has given public addresses in other cities. He always speaks without notes, and without preparing his addresses in writing. He prefers to think out his addresses when he is walking out of doors, establishing a line of thought in his mind, but leaving the verbal clothing for the occasion. "The religious impulses that come to me," he said to the writer, "open all my powers of expression and thought. My religion is entirely and absolutely the source of my education, character, and power of speech. It has stimulated my intellectual and moral life; and I feel that a religion

which can make one man can make many men, and therefore my faith in it is great."

This little volume, the outflow of his deeper life, covers a wide gamut of gratitude, aspiration, humility, tenderness, hope, faith, and love. It is well named. There is hardly a paragraph in it which is an offspring purely of the intellect, hardly a sentence in which there is not a heart-beat. To understand some of its minor tones, which remind us of the Hebrew psalmist when suffering from persecution and adversity, it may be said that they spring from personal experience in connection with the sacrifice he has had to make in espousing the cause of the Brahmo-Somaj, and also from troubles arising out of disturbances and factional disputes in that organization,—disputes which, we trust, may all be swallowed up in a larger unity of that faith.

With what was left of his patrimony Mr. Mozoomdar built Peace Cottage in Calcutta in 1878. He also secured a retired home at Kurseong in the Himalayas, about twenty-four hours' journey by rail from Calcutta, and five thousand feet above sea-level. Here he spends six and sometimes eight months of every year. The



greater part of his three books, "The Oriental Christ," "The Spirit of God," and the present volume have been written at this lofty height. Here, away from the distractions of Calcutta, he finds peace in communion with the spirit in nature and in man. As he has never received any salary from the Brahmo-Somaj, his work has often been pursued under circumstances of physical privation and need; but all these experiences, as nearly every other event or condition in his life, have been turned into spiritual profit and edification.

Thus, though Mr. Mozoomdar's life has not been one of great external variety, it has been one of varied moral and spiritual experience. He has walked the smooth and the thorny path, in the valley and on the mountain. He has entered into the universal experience of men, and we can hardly think of one reading this volume without finding his own heart responding to the pulse within it. To me it seems the most remarkable devotional book since that of **Thomas à Kempis**.

S. J. BARROWS.

## HEART-BEATS.

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**Hopefulness.**—Hopefulness is the delicate complexion of true piety. It is equally removed from the pleasures of desire, the flatteries of fancy, the pictures of self-interest. It lies concealed somewhere between the fears of despondency and sanguineness of success. It is faith with the sunlight of love and purity on it.

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**Domestic Virtue.**—'The fittest and most practicable place for the conquest of anger, selfishness, impatience, is a man's own home. Be a saint there: it does not matter so much what you are elsewhere.

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**Spiritual Culture.**—After all, spiritual culture resolves itself very much into the power of self-determination. A man who, in spite of bodily and worldly conditions, can, whenever he thinks

necessary, go down into the deeps of communion with God, is the spiritual man. So long as he is held back by bodily and worldly reasons, he is the slave of circumstance more or less. What *happens* is not moral: what a man *does* makes him good or bad.

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**Work continues.**—Who can limit the flight of human hope? What known law can anticipate the soul's practicable achievements? My God, life is small: thou art great. But my life ends not with me. The life of humanity is my life. Let the threads of my work be taken up by mankind, let me take up the threads left by others before me.

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**Work with Humanity.**—Humanity weaves an endless texture of truth and righteousness contextured in the bosom of my God. Oh that before my end I may lay a thread! O Weaver, make me a sharer of thy nameless skill! My soul, learn the immortality of work!

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**The Theistic Future.**—Infinite Purpose, God of wisdom and light, the future of this Theistic

Dispensation is known to thee. But darkness gathers before mine eyes when I try to look into the far. I adore thy all-knowing intelligence, and submit to it. I stand before thee with the open receptacle of a trusting soul. Pour thou into me the influences of the far future. Suffer me to do nothing which the spirit of posterity may judge as unworthy of thy servant. Suffer me to sanction and uphold nothing which the light of the ages shall find to be darkness and vanity. Awaken me to the sense of my great responsibility, of my great vocation. Let everything I do produce its good influence. Everything that is evil do thou root out of my being. Enlighten me in the paths of thy dispensation, and keep me from stumbling upon the vanity of my own conceit. Sanctify the origin and secret of every motive, that, though guilty in the sight of man, I may stand pure in thy judgment. Father, let not the wisdom of men be my guide, nor suffer my feeble judgment to be my staff in this pilgrimage. I wait humbly for the inspiration of thy wisdom, for my whole nature vibrates in response when thou touchest the cords of my being.

**Taints.**—The taint of prayer is distraction, the taint of preaching is affectation, the taint of domesticity is suspicion; and unreality is the taint of all things.

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**Regard Each Step.**—Look up as you ascend to the lofty peak: it is inaccessible. The road is steep, stony, heart-breaking. You despair? Do not regard the goal of your ascent: regard every step you take upward. Let it be steady, wide, firm; and then, before you are aware, you are on the sunny summit, the fresh breeze from the untrodden snow fans your heated brow, and the fragrant, flowery green is beneath your feet.

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**Path appointed.**—My son, your road is laid out for you, every detail marked, every duty appointed. Do not be anxious, neither afraid; in trust and devotion look up to the Lord. Take the fatigue and toil, for surely they will come: take also the rest and reward. Tread the stone and thorn as you would tread strewn flowers. Look around and enjoy the sunlight and blossoming forest filled with the melody of morning

notes. But stop not, turn not to dally with anything. My son, thy path is appointed. Go forward in faith, hope, and full dependence upon the Lord.

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**Honor Woman.**—Bow down before woman. See in her the angel of God,—sweetness, beauty, love, the endless patience of divine suffering and ministry. Woman, O thou immortal strength of love, would thou couldst be true to the nature God gave thee! Womanhood pure and simple will surely conquer the world. Womanhood that is the toy and imitation of man is a mortal temptation.

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**Next World.**—The next world can never be real but to those who have died to this. Death is the only condition of immortality.

Behold, in the twinkling of an eye the curtain of Maya (delusion) is lifted, and I behold Baikuntha (Paradise), the blessed abode of my soul. The spirit become a wonderful reality, the world vanishes. The sting of death is gone. I behold my beloved departed ones in God. What a thin veil hides immortality from the mortal! But it

is impervious, opaque. Who can pierce it, who can rend it? The right hand of the worshipful Unseen lifts it up in a moment. Then it drops down, and all is dark again.

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**Prayer.**—Thou art the breath of my soul, O Beloved: how can I forget thee even for an hour? My incurable helplessness points to thee. The unaccountable strength in my nature also points to thee. If I am alone, thou art at my side. And, when many surround me, lo! thou art there. Rob thou me of my helplessness and helpfulness, and be all in all to me. I am the source of vanity and deceit. Death absorbs me. The great change draws near. Real and faithful God, let me put my trust in thee. Give me the rescue of thy assurance amidst these wild waters of the world. In the serene light of thy countenance let all despondency flee. The past bears infinite testimony to the truth of thy providence. Thou reservest thyself for me in the future. I do but know that thou art with me in the present. In that consciousness all anxiety is set at rest.

**Science of God.**—Oh, if some scientific men will heartily talk to me, and hear what I have to say of God and immortality! I adore science: it is God uttering his thoughts aloud, the great Truth-speaker speaking his mind.

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**Mission.**—Nothing opens the depth and tenderness of my soul as bodily illness. This is a long, repeated experience. Why, then, not call disease a blessing? There is a slow dulness of head and heart which is an enemy of communion, but which is doubtless a physical result. I deplore *that*, and not serious disease. The former is to be conquered, while the latter conquers me unto God.

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“Our deeds follow us from far,  
What we have been makes us what we are.”

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**Aspiration.**—I am poor, but O my God, let me have no care for riches. I am lowly, let me never desire rank. In thy mercy place me where I may best know thee and love thee. I know not who are for me, nor who are against



me. Only teach me to honor every living man. Give me the treasure of pure-mindedness, and burn in my soul as the undying lamp of sanctity. In the midst of this world be unto me a separate world by thyself. In the strange bewilderment of human society be thou unto me the ever well-known associate.

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**God retreats.**—Pitying Friendship! O thou refuge of the poor man, why is the form of the spirit so shadowy? True, I see thee in the sunshine as a brighter light. I go to grasp thee, but thou dost elude my grasp. I see thee dimly in the shadows of night. I stretch my hand to hold thee, but, lo! thou art gone. Thou dost strangely flit across and around my observant heart, but where thou dost go I cannot follow thee. Say, is thy Providence really watching over me? Wilt thou take care of me, of my poor wife, and our relations with life?

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**Folly of Self-defence.**—Behold, in trying to defend myself against those who must needs attack me, I have lost all dignity and peace. Peace returns to me only with thy forgiveness and love.

O Friend of the poor, give me the strong mind without which thy service is impossible. Give me the pure, unselfish heart to regard thee above every other treasure.

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**Self-preservation.**—My son, my son, nurse thy liver, cultivate thy digestion, leave a margin in thy stomach, walk long miles under sun and rain, eat less than thou hast a craving for, take long baths of the divine morning breeze, pour cold water on thy head, so that thou mayst serve the Lord long in the land of the living. For thus, also, thy meditations shall be deep and undistracted, and thy communion be a sweet absorption.

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**Bad Thoughts.**—To fight bad thoughts as they rise is to fight the air: you can lay them for the while, but they will surely rise again. Bad thoughts become impossible to the man who rigorously submits to righteous principle which the spirit of God breathes into character from time to time. When habits and motives become thoroughly pure, when slothfulness and self-indulgence cease, then thoughts become pure also.

**Asceticism.**— Believe me, there is more healthy asceticism in bearing the dealings of God cheerfully, and in loving man despite all he has done, than in all the fastings, scourgings, and rags. Cease to indulge thy spite, hatred, and ill-will. Love and do good against all odds : nothing demands greater self-mortification than this.

They accuse me of not being an ascetic. No, I am not an ascetic. I never was, I never meant nor mean to be. But one thing, O Lord, I have tried to do. I have tried to take with a loving and thankful heart whatever suffering thou hast sent me. I said in my heart, if I could accept the bitter cup which my Father fills for me, if I could drink it uncomplainingly in faith and meekness, I would be satisfied. They hate me because I eat the good food which my Father gives me, because I live in the dear little house he has given me. They hate me because I do not wear torn clothes, nor put dust on my head, nor go about with a sorry countenance. But know they what unspeakable sorrow I bear silently in my heart ? Do they know how I love and respect them though they persecute me, and hunt me to death ? My definition of asceticism

is to bear in silent trust the tribulations which the unseen Hand sends, to bless those who accuse me, and deny myself pleasure, honor, self-esteem, and everything, in honor of my God. If I can do this, I have done enough. More and more every day I will live thus, more and more seek thy glory, more and more serve thy cause, O my God. As for myself, thou wilt, I know, do what is good for me. My nature recoils from self-inflicted suffering, unless for some temporary end. I believe in discipline, but I fear the effects of self-torture. I have had considerable experience of this, both in my own case and that of others. It is only the highest natures that can bear the strain of self-inflicted pains. Trust in God for discipline; and, if you can calmly and trustfully bear the needful weight of humiliation he is sure to send, you are truly the best of ascetics. Lord, there is but one end for thy devotee and slave,—to die for thy glory. It has been so in every age, so shall it be to the end of time. Self-sacrifice, life-sacrifice, is the only sacrifice thou wilt accept. The ascetics have their glory, the saints have their glory, the wise have their reward. Thy poor old devotee has

neither honor nor glory but this: that thou art gracious unto him every day, and dost accept his life-offering.

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**Immortality.**— Not all the proofs of immortality will make a man believe one whit more than he naturally believes: not all the objections against it will make a man believe one whit less. After all that has been proved or disproved, it is faith, and more, it is spiritual experience that shall decide the matter. And what is true of immortality is equally true of God.

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**Church Life.**— What utter demoniac confusion in God's church! Every man's hand against his neighbor,—distrust and disesteem, slander and back-biting! No, no, this cannot be the kingdom of heaven. Let the sweet stream of peace and good will flow through my soul. I love what is best and purest in each party and in each man. There is no echo of this perpetual warring in my heart. But I have taken my stand apparently against every one. I will never associate with evil: no, never will I call good what is in reality

bad, and never call bad what is good. I have made my peace with God, and fear not any disturbance.

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**Honor for Man.**—My honor for man is well founded. I have seen some men devoted to love and serve the eternal unseen God. And they gave their life for it. I have seen others devoted to love and serve man who never once thought of or cared for their services. They, also, gave their life for it. I will always honor the man who has forsaken his self. I will honor the man whose care is for others, and not himself. Most of all, I will honor the man who has found God, and really given his *all* in the name of God's love. That all may be *little*, but it displays before me the abundance of the Infinite.

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**Christ Unique.**—How can there be any comparison between Christ and any other man? His personal goodness and faith alone would confer supreme eminence on him. When to that is added the strange element of unexampled suffering and neglect, such as would have crushed

any other man's soul, does he not become unique? But that suffering, instead of producing bitterness, was an endless source of love and sympathy for others who never felt for him. Nay, more, the suffering takes the dignity of death. If death had ended all, Christ would have been one of the greatest names in history. But he rose from death, and the world to-day bears the teeming evidence that Christ lives. The dead become alive when they trust in his name: the living become more alive when they love him. All goodness, sweetness, wisdom, are crowned with the meek dignity of the Son of Man. All sorrow, sin, suffering, are purified in his spirit. Where is such another on earth?

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**Communion Hark.**—It seems, my son, thou must not at all times hope for spiritual communion. Self-unconsciousness is the condition of blessedness. Both the good and the evil belonging to thee thou must learn to forget. Let infinite excellence bend over thee like the all-investing sky. Let infinite truth surround thee like the all-encircling sea. Forget thyself, thy

present, thy future in God's contemplation, his wisdom, his work. Every moment have something that is worthy, be it in mind, be it in act. When the mind's habits change, man changes.

No, I cannot catch the sunbeams of the soul always. The Beloved comes and talks to me most sweetly when I am neither prepared to write nor reproduce what he says. My soul, my soul, it does thee good to hear what is best and deepest, and not to be able to say it again.

**God hates Thee?** — Beware of the fearful danger of imagining, when thou art afflicted, that God hates thee. The worst harm that thou canst do thyself, or thy enemies, can do thee, is the thought that He hates thee or is indifferent when men hate thee.

**True Dignity.** — How we honor the man of spiritual dignity! What is piety if it does not dignify him who puts it on? Rags become robes, and nakedness majesty. But remember there are two kinds of dignity,—the dignity of moods and the dignity of faith and character.



The latter comes to but few, the former to every one. Yet every mood imprints itself upon the soul, and the aggregate of attitudes in the end becomes the totality of character. Take care of your pennies, O poor man, and the pounds will take care of themselves.

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**Purity.**—Take this little hint about personal holiness: Never do that which *consciously* defiles you. Everything else is lawful.

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**What is Thine?**—Thy body, at its best, is but a frail butterfly; thy soul, the conscious self in thee, but a particle of the glory of the Infinite,—what is there about thee that thou canst boast of it?

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**Special Providence.**—I am a confirmed believer in special Providence. I look out for the hand of God in everything. But I know there can be no Providence without law, as there is no law without Providence. Therefore, O man, keep the laws of God in all things.

**Immortality Seen.**—Some speculate about Immortality, some believe in it, some have a positive faith in Immortality; but I begin to behold Immortality. It is veiled, but it is unmistakable. I can say, Lo! it is there! I *have* it in me as sure as I am. There is this, however. It gains and loses in light. Now it is a flaming fire that burns every earthly impurity, and catches me up into the heavens: now it is a dim, low ember that barely keeps my faith from freezing unto death.

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**Prayer and Work.**—My son, thou prayest with feeling: that is good, but dost not the measure of thy work. This being a breach of law, thy prayers fail, and thou secretly doubtst the efficacy of prayer. My son, thou workest hard; and, when work brings forth its fruit, thou takest to thyself all the credit, and sayest, who is the Lord that I should trust in him? So both ways the spirit of sonship is lost: he who prays prays with half-heartedness or as a habit, he who works is self-sufficient. Where is the man whose faith in prayer and work is perfect, and produces the harmony of manhood?

**Compulsion.**—Thou hast thought it fit, O my God, to use compulsion on me to make me righteous and faithful. Men say, If God wishes us to be good, why does he not *force* us, why does he not make it impossible for us to be anything but good? Thou *dost* use that force, but not upon every one, only upon those who love thee. Because the pressure of thy compulsion is so great that men are ground down to the dust. The immature believer would lose his half-faith, the mere theist would become an atheist if crushed in the wheel of thy law. Only the devoted and accepted son can bear the compulsion of thy will. I aspire to be thy son, accept me!

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**Permanence.**—An inexorable, instinctive faith in *permanence* so clings to the soul amidst these besetting impermanences that we strive vainly to be satisfied with this life only. Awakened to immortality every moment, strangely do we fall asleep in the world again. Waking, sleeping every moment, thus we move on to the land where there is rest indeed, but neither slumber nor death.

**Nearer to Thee.**—Sometimes the wonderful Spirit draws me near, sometimes puts me away into the greatest distance. There is no end to the nearness of Infinite Love. Nearer to thee, nearer, my God, to thee, nearer still. The nearness grows, and grows, and grows. When I am *very* near, I behold this strange sight. It fills my soul with an unnamable awe to perceive the immortals in the vision of God. They are all there, each a spirit, yet each real. Whether my God is in heaven or my heaven in my God I know not, heaven and God draw me into increasing nearness every day. And in heaven I perceive I will have all these whom I love in God. Let not thy love grow less. Love God, but also love man. Yea, love every one, everything. "God is love: he that dwells in love dwells in God, and God in him." Heaven on earth is attainable by too much love.

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**The Exactitudes of God.**—Science is to me the mathematics of the divine mind, the book of laws *not given*, but actually *written* by the hand of God. A mathematical formula applied to and

demonstrated by the works of God is as exalting as the Stone of the Decalogue or the Sermon on the Mount. My soul, awake out of thy frivolous sentimentality unto everlasting Truth. "The uniformity of nature is the faithfulness of God."

**My Homa Sacrifice.**—*Priest*: Are the fires properly lighted? *Attendant*: Yes, thine enemies lighted the pyre.

*Priest*: With what species of wood have they lighted the sacrificial fires? *Attendant*: They tied bundles of dried Asua grass (ill-will); they gathered heaps of Anrita sticks (falsehood); large logs of seasoned Jugupsa wood (calumny) did they carry on their heads. All these did they pile up high, filling the interstices with the mud and cow-dung from foul Ninda's bank (evil report). In the fierce rays of Kubhava's Bysakha (ill-feeling) has the structure been dried, and now in the fulness of opportunity they have set fire to it.

*Priest*: It is well. Bring my Gairic, bring my ektara, bring hither my tiger-skin carpet. Sing Sachchidanand Haré, sing the glory of the God

of fire. I will sit surrounded by these Homa flames. I will pour on them the pure Havi (oil) of truth, I will add fuel, more fuel. Every holy word I utter will be fresh fuel. The heat is great, consuming; but it will burn away all my faults. I will make penance meet for all my Karma. My enemies have done well. They will consume to ashes my flesh with all its admixtures, but let them know this fire hath an ending; and then by their help I will at last find my place in the temple of Nirvana. Amen, and Amen.

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**Insight.**—Insight into God reveals the kingdom of the spirit that is beyond the five senses, and deeper than the shifting scenes of the earth. Immersion in God reveals the immortal life, which, when a man attains, he beholds things and hears things which it is not lawful for a man to utter.

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**Nothing fails.**—Nothing fails in this world, not even the feeblest finger-stir of endeavor. Only the measure of attainment is not in thy desire, but in laws outside of thee.

**Self-possession.**—To me the essence of character means self-possession. If I can fully possess and fully use all that is in me, I have fulfilled my destiny. I have indeed sometimes risen to the heights of my being, but never been able to make my abode there.

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**Divine Science.**—The inferences and inductions of the noblest sciences, such as astronomy, ethics, physiology, suggest the deepest spiritual impulses; and long experiences of spiritual life establish the inviolability of law and supremacy of fact.

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**The Larger Life.**—My life is incomparably larger than my body. This body is merely the occasion, certainly not the measure of my life. It is a sort of moveable centre, and sometimes it disappears. I have a world-life, and live perpetually in companionship with everything green, fresh, youthful, beautiful. Emerson used to say he “expanded in the sunshine like a melon.” I blossom with the roses, and bloom with the mangoes. The grass softens me, and makes me green. I enjoy the bird-song and bird-life more

than the bird when its note pierces the solitude of the Himalaya's forest, and its wings cut through the clear blue infinite space. My soul flows on with the dimpling waters of the Ganges, flows on to the wide, wide sea, and I am lost in the infinite. My life is a particle of the marvellous life in nature. I am in everything: everything is in me. Of course, this is in a small measure; but the measure enlarges daily. I came from above, and I am soaring up to where I came from. I live in all humanity, have a share in every aspiration, in every achievement, in every goodness and wisdom. My capacity is infinite, my acquirement is miserably little. Oh, the great God is in me! He draws me, rouses me, promises to place me in the company of his sons. A poor, needy, half-blind man, getting old before my time, my spirit is wonderfully larger than anything I see around.

**God is Alone.**—On the side of God there is none but God himself. Every man, almost, is more or less directly for himself, and against God. The godly man is therefore perfectly



alone. Thy cause, O Brother, is the cause of one against the whole world. Yet be thou faithful to the end.

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**Faith means Death.**—Faith abides in the strongest nature alone. Faith always invariably means a readiness to die. It is weakness, nothing but weakness, that seeks self-saving. The greater always includes the less. Is thy cause greater than thyself? Why shouldst thou not then be absorbed, and sacrificed to what thou believest to be the truth? Life is short: God is great!

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**Suggestions.**—Every true joy in nature or life suggests a deeper joy. Every beauty foreshadows (or recalls?) a nameless, unseen beauty. This soul-perception is retrospective, immediate, full of promise. It points to a past of which we have a vague, dim remembrance of having passed through. It recalls infancy, boyhood, youth, perhaps something beyond all these! There is a continuity of being in it. It penetrates all the senses, and the deepest consciousness in us. True beauty, true joy, appeals to every sense and

every faculty at the same moment. We expect it, we hold it, we behold it. It transfigures all the past and present in glorious hope, in a glorious suggestion of the future. The man who lives a moment of true life lives it in all eternity. The separation between this life and the next ceases.

The faith-touched spirit beholds the past, present, and future in one act. The Infinite is centred in every point of space, time, and spirit. Art thou great or small, within or without, sense, mind, or motion? Thou art all in all, O God! I am but a point in thee. I share in thy immortality. I will live, and not die.

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**Nature.**—Transparent like a pure crystal within, reflective like the brightest mirror without, such is nature. The wonders inside it, rock, mineral, or fossil, fire, gas, or liquid, record its past, register its progress, show forth its plan and purpose. Whatever is obscure science tends to make transparent. The wonders outside, inorganic or human, reflect most faithfully the same plans, progress, and purposes, but, in the

ascending order of intelligence, emotion, purity, and spirituality. In the mirror of nature's face the image of the Eternal is hourly seen by the devout. But this image is not outside. It is within and without, in each and all objects, the life of all, the all in all. Him behold, and behold thy true self in him. He is not a stranger to thee, nor thou to him. A moment's recognition reveals thy past, present, and future.

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**Think of Heaven.**—Think of heaven ceaselessly. Let Providence take care of thy life on earth. Or, if thou thinkest of the earth, let it be to bring heaven on earth. Let the kingdom of heaven come first to thyself, then to those nearest to thee, then to thy land and nation, and then to the whole earth. Why hast the process been reversed in thy case?

Let heaven first come to thy speech, then to thy hands, then to thy eyes, and, last of all, to thy heart. Speak heaven in one guise or another. Do heaven, working, worshipping. See heaven in everything and in every one. And above all meditate on heaven day and night.

Remember Buddha's precept,—“A man is what he thinks.”

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**What Dies.**—The body dies: yea, there is a part, a form, of the mind that dies also with the body. Dotage steals upon some of the wisest when they are old. Only the essence of the body and the mind is imperishable. The higher self, the spirit, is the son and image of God: that never dies nor decreases. Alas, how few men have discovered themselves in themselves!

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**Faith and Science.**—Will faith ever remain unscientific, will science ever remain uninspired? Faith cures disease, causes energy, clears the understanding, conquers men, gives the losing cause its final triumph. Faith as a law of scientific investigation has not been cultivated, and science as a method of divine inspiration has not been pursued. Will no one teach us the law of the wisdom of true spirituality?

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**Poor.**—Poor, poor, who suspects how poor I am! Like a prince outside, I am without help

or means before the all-seeing witness of God. Why throw myself upon the unwilling bounty of man? To whose doors shall I go to make known my wants? I have cast my little bark of life on the infinite bountifulness of the Good Father. Through suffering and anxiety he will lead me to the safe place. Blessed be his name!

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**How Secure.**—How perfectly safe, sound, well-assured is my soul in my God! Oh, the sense of fearlessness, the absolute security! It is wonderfully like what I used to feel of an evening in my village home, when my dear mother was alive, and I went to her from Calcutta after long months of absence and study.

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**Worship.**—One foot of ground from utter annihilation, I sat on the precipice this morning. Feet got unsteady, head dizzy, to look below on that depth of three or four thousand feet; yet how the bird-notes, gay or tender or sad, came from above and beneath, how the virgin winds crept up and cooled my brow, the hidden waters

called to rest. What mysterious wealth of many-hued verdure! There is terror and joy in the heart to look about. This is awe! I behold and worship and tremble. Lord, take not away from me the privilege of this glorious worship so long as life lasts.

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**Equality.**—“All true dynamics of character,” says Martineau, “are born of inequality.” What, then, becomes of the mob-cry of “Equality, Liberty, and Fraternity”? The liberty and fraternity expected to come out of equality are a dream. They will never come. Equality leads to strife, jealousy, artificiality. Brotherhood and liberty mean co-ordination.

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**God Loves.**—The greatest reward of the elect is to *feel* always sure that the Father loves them. Really, it requires the strongest nature to retain the trust that God’s love is greatest when the persecution of the world is at its height.

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**Faithfulness.**—Only God knows how to be faithful to those who have put their faith in him.

Do not laugh my helplessness to scorn, do not despair about me. My God shall lift up my face again, and his right hand shall shield me and mine. O children of men, put your trust in the good, faithful God.

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**Justice.**— Why dost thou fear to be wronged? It can at the worst kill thee. Who is born to live forever? Time kills you, or man, or circumstance, or you unknowingly kill yourself. Consent to be wronged, be silent under every injury. But of one thing be sure: do the fullest, the most scrupulous justice to all men, and chiefly to those who have wronged you.

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**Life.**— Many ideas, many aspirations, have broadened thee, but caused great spiritual dissipation. I would fain be a man of *one* idea, revolve around that as my axis, making a grand circuit round God, the sun of all truth.

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**Have Definite Objects.**— Every one fancies that the object of his life is the attainment of God. Remember what it cost Jesus to make it real.

That grand object, as soon as it begins to be *true*, demands a special object,—an earthly, human object, an object that can be attained only at the cost of life. And that is the difficulty, that is the cross; and we hate to bear it. Jesus, my soul's companion, religion is a romance to us, to thee what a dreadful reality! All because thou hadst a definite object.

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**Use of Life.**—The only force left to me now is life: nearly all else is taken away. The impulse is often strong to enjoy this life in God, with God. Greater men have yielded to this impulse, and retired from the world. Why not I? Something tells me life is not for enjoyment, but for usefulness, not for keeping, but for spending, not merely for adoring God, but for serving man.

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**Hints from Nature.**—The grass asks naught, but in its lowly place lies, nor heeds who treads on its gentle head. The flower neither speaks nor argues, but silently sheds its beauty and fragrance.



Why art thou, O soul of mine, so fond of making vain noise?

The tree says nothing, but observes all, endures all, gives unto all its cool shadows, its ungrudging bounty of fruits. Why art thou, my life, so unfruitful? Does the mountain wrangle or protest? It sees the centuries go by, the endless processions of summer, winter, spring, rain, cloud, colors, and verdure. It towers up in its being and strength, and quietly takes the tribute of every man's wonder.

The stars go sweeping by, silent, serene, wakeful, eternal. Nations rise and fall. Religions spring up, spread, fight, die. The heavens behold everything, and are quiet.

What ails thee, immortal soul, that thou alone shouldst be the babbler of the world? Earth, heaven, God himself, are quiet,—quiet, but infinitely active. Deep thought is quiet, deep devotion is quiet. Self-sacrifice does not announce itself. The saints, prophets, are all silent. O weary soul, find thy rest also in quiet communion. Quarrel not, complain not, do not too loudly protest.

Endure, observe, act, pray, serve. Pay no

heed to noise. The repose of God's universe shall be thine. God give me the strength of silence. God give me the might of long and patient endurance of evil. Ripen the energy of vain contention into the perfectness of character. Cause patience to crown virtue. Father, let everything that perfects rest be with me.

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**I am Alone.**—I have launched into the dark waters. I have bade adieu to men's warnings. I am alone with my God. Be it unto me as he willeth. My friends are few,—have I any? What upholds me but the spirit of God? All other prospects are deceptive, all other promises are false.

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**Spirit and Law.**—There is no spiritual impulse without law. There is no law without spirituality at its bottom.

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**Faith Original.**—Faith in God is as easy and as hard to-day as in the first century. This is the only thing that is ever fresh, ever original, in every man.

**Selfish Absorption.**— All true spirituality is so absorbing that the spiritual man has neither time nor wish to apply his experiences to the facts of common life. Science, too, is generally absorbing; and the scientific man has no time to think of spiritual culture.

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**False Victory.**— Oh, the miscalled victory of this earth! Oh, the disgrace of what men call glory! If thy highest or deepest impulses are lost, what hast thou gained? If thou art guilty before the court of conscience, be ashamed in the midst of thy triumph.

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**Fate is Providence.**— Fate, or law, or predestination, or heredity, or the bond of Karma, call it as you may, is a power against which the power of self-determination in man, or free will, continually fights. He wins when destiny favors him: otherwise he goes to the wall. Now this power of fate is an intelligence, it is a will, an infinity that sternly confronts him. Both Hindus and Mohammedans say it is the visage of God, the spirit of God in the individual and the race.

When that is on your side, not all the artillery of Woolwich can overthrow you. When that is against you, a mere straw will cut you in twain. The man of insight finds out where, when, and how it acts ; and he acts along with it.

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**Be Just.**—Be just to every one, saith the Lord, fair and truthful to thy worst enemies ; and, as for thyself, seek justice from no one but me.

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**Holy Spirit and Conscience.**—The theistic doctrine of the Holy Spirit is securely founded on the word and authority of God universally acknowledged as the principle of conscience. However it may be accounted for, there it is a voice above man's own voice, a personality above man's own personality. And his authority in the motives and rules of life is decisive.

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**Character.**—Character draws us to the immortals. Die to the flesh and live in God, and you will behold immortality.

**Aspire.**—Aspire, O my downcast soul, aspire !  
The presence of God in thee means the loftiest aspiration. Never fear to pray for the most impossible achievement, only take care there be no lurking self-interest in it. The meanest and poorest life, like thy own, is worthy of an emperor with God-breathed aspiration, and without it the very greatest become as the scum of the earth. Yea, thou art the very centre of the universe, poor cripple as thou art, because the purpose of God is in thee.

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**Fear.**—Fear, one of the lowest emotions, has a purpose. The dread of breaking the law of God, in the least particular, saves a man from death and judgment. When thou hast learned to fear God, he delivers thee from all fear.

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**Uphill.**—Life's ways are a most unfamiliar uphill ascent. Thou, O my God, only knowest the way. Take me by the hand. Father, take me by the hand ; for I am breathless, yea, about to faint.

**Secret Sorrows.**—These secret sorrows, which are sacred, have their secret consolations, which are equally sacred. Both the sorrows and the consolations raise thy spirit to that dignity of sainthood in which the spirit of God crowns man with the imperishable crown of truth and righteousness.

Have sorrows which thou canst share with Divine Humanity, the Son of God. Have rejoicings also which are above the noise and laughter of the vulgar, yet be glad with the simple, blameless gladness of God's earth. Let men be drawn to confide their joys and sorrows in thee.

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**Possibilities.**—Who has measured the possibilities of divine goodness? Thy work is stranger than any written fiction.

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**Joy Immortal.**—Hold thy high festival, O my soul, before the great altar of inspired Humanity. Let the illumined souls of the blessed keep thee company. Why art thou down-hearted? The sunlight and firmament bear thee compan-

ionship. The oil and wine of gladness overflow the earth. The garden of Paradise is in thine own heart. Rejoice in the Lord, even though thou be alone. My soul, rejoice in the Lord !

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**Health.**—The presence and grace of God in life cannot be fully felt but through the health and harmony of bodily powers. The preservation of health is therefore a most sacred duty. Temperance in food, in sleep, in all habits, is God's undoubted command. But, O Spirit Supreme, thou knowest thou art more precious than health or life. I have tried to spend both for thee, and thou hast accepted it as holy sacrifice.

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**Tenderness and Strength.**—Great tenderness of nature has weakened me. Men in their shrewdness and cruelty see this weakness, and trample upon me: even the very weakest do so. As I cannot retaliate, I look on helpless. Now, however, I am beginning to suspect that all godly tenderness adds to strength, and true strength gives divine tenderness. I have indeed no hand

as to how they treat me ; but I just feel that calm self-control amidst all ill-treatment nourishes the divinest qualities, and in his own heart the sufferer realizes that every injustice tends to complete the sonship of God.

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**Peace.**—Now, O my soul, in this breezy morning of the glorious Presence, the dust of the hot battle-ground is laid, and the sweet dews of grace have washed away every blood-stain. I forgive all, I bless all, I love all, in my heart there is not an enemy I leave behind. Every one, everything, has helped me into closer insight of thee, O Marvellous Presence, and from the weariness thou hast mercifully healed me. And now I leave my peace with the world.

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**Forgive.**—It is a wonderful blessedness to be able to forgive thy enemies, to wipe off all offence, insult, outrage, in one act of instantaneous love ! To be just to every one in the midst of wanton injustice suffered on all sides is to have the kingdom of heaven within thee. But



it is difficult, it is impossible, to a man who has not made his perfect peace with his God. A man who is not at peace with himself, not at peace with the Unseen Spirit who guides his destiny, accuses, curses. Neither enemies nor friends escape his wrath. But when the peace in the heart is sure, and thy happiness unbroken, thou canst afford to forgive and bless every one.

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**Where is God?**—There is nowhere and in nothing so much of God as what immediately surrounds you.

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**Vain Complaint.**—They abuse, they beat, they defeat, they throw me out, like the offscouring of the earth. This is cruel, painful. Granted. But in driving thee out, O foolish soul, do they not drive thee nearer and nearer to the threshold of the Father? Say, wouldst thou have gone unless driven thither? Hush thy complaints. Sweetness and kindness are good when they bear thee home to God. Cruelty and wrong are good when they force thee to the bosom of God. Evil is evil unto him who doeth evil. But evil is

good to thee, if it unites thee with God the Beautiful.

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**Thirst of Knowledge.**—The amount of my knowledge is contemptible, though, indeed, my thirst for knowledge is great. This may be because I have a secret distrust of purely intellectual processes. Scientific as well as philosophical analysis discards so many elements of man's nature absolutely essential to the proper understanding of facts that what is left is miserably insufficient as an organ of catholic truth. Sentiment, faith, purity of conscience, are indispensable for the right knowledge of things. But the spirit of the age excludes these!

**Thirst after Wisdom.**—Now that I am growing old and infirm, hunger for universal knowledge makes my whole soul restless. I would fain expand into the knowable universe, devour all facts, master all laws, penetrate all mysteries, search all the past, see all the future. My pulse beats with the throb of creation, my soul is drunk with the Spirit of spirits. Poor animal-

cule; what supernatural fever consumes thy being? Thy thirst cannot be allayed: thou canst see this divine wisdom is too wonderful for thee. Lie still, bless God for the feeble sunlight given thee, and trust and adore: there is more further on, there is more beyond. Endless aspiration means life after life.

**The Church.**— So long as there is *one* man in the church who loves peace, does justly, and walks in meekness and purity with his God, there is hope for your community. Have they all gone astray, every one following his own lusts and conceits? Why, then, dost thou alone not stand for thy God? When the worst comes to the worst, O man, then is thy great opportunity. Dare to be faithful to the cause of God to the last. True victory comes late, but it comes forever.

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**The Law of Endeavor.**— If you do not put the seed in the soil, do not water it and tend it, all your prayer, faith, and piety will avail you very little. Grace perfects the law of work, never

violates it. As thou sowest, so shalt thou reap. This remains true forever. Not all the love of man for God, not even all the love of God for man, will make him swerve by a hair-breadth from the righteousness of his dealings. Love discovers higher laws, but never abolishes the lower.

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**Glorv.**—Lord of all the worlds, I behold thee glorified in all that is around. Thy presence fills me. I cease to be earthly, O Supreme Spirit, in thy hallowed embrace. I become one of thy spirit hosts. If it be thy pleasure, let me thus abide at all times. I cast myself upon thee in all my helplessness, as an inert mass robbed of all freedom. I cast myself upon thee. Use me as thou wilt, guide me according to thy good pleasure. If I live, let me live in thee : if I die, let me die unto thy glory.

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**Desire and Faith.**—The expectation of desire is endless: it is the deadly fever of worldliness. Daily disappointment, joyless success, are its effects. The expectation of faith is a sweet

blessed looking up, it is the assurance of things promised. It is the daily growth in grace and experience. It is the sure earnest of victory. Who knows what a day may bring forth,— death or immortality?

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**Life.**— Let my soul soar in search of the Infinite, his purposes, his blessedness. Let nothing confine thee to the earth. But so long as thou art here feel thou bound to carry out a most definite end in life, ceaselessly work out a routine, bear a burden, have a calling. Eternal life is the crown of the laborer who has tried his best to do his duty on earth.

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**My Dignity.**— Thou dost restore me my dignity, O God, when I tread thy courts in sweet sacred silence. Will the dignity of my soul never return to me when I stand before men to plead and defend thy cause? They say, I am eloquent. Alas! who knows that my contemptible speech can never express what I mean? My God, my dumbness before thee is only my fit expression.

**Jesus.**— Put on the Lord Jesus Christ. First put him on as he was in his desertion, shame, and death. Then put him on in his glory, as he sits on the right hand of God. Be crucified with him, then ascend with him into paradise. Experience and acquire humanity in all its depths and heights, in its lowest depth of misery and disgrace, in its noblest height of honor and happiness. The drama of this mysterious double humanity has had its play in the life and death of Christ more than in that of any other being.

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**The Heavenly Ladder.**— From self to God, from God to self, that is how the heavenly ladder of spiritual progress rests, angels ascending and descending. My soul elevates me to my God, and Thou bearest my soul unto Thyself.

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**Life and Death.**— Every one is not called upon to make the awful sacrifice thou didst make, O glorious being; but upon whomsoever the stern call comes, he shares thy glory. Life is an ignoble thing if it conceals or disfigures

the prize of holy resurrection,—life is a prolonged death. Death is true life when it delivers the message of bright worlds beyond. Christ lives in earth and heaven at the same time. When his life on earth is so glorious, oh, what is it in paradise! The earth is fair and blessed to me, regenerated as I am by dying with the Son of Man. Everything is good: the worst sufferings are good. And, as for beauty and joy, is there any limit to it even in this life? When life is blessed, how much more so immortality! What peace to find my place in the bosom of God in the Likeness of Christ! Death is only “the twinkling of an eye”: there is glory behind, there is glory before. “O grave, where is thy victory!”

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**Peculiarities.**—Find out your virtuous peculiarities, the special dispensations of God in your character, the variations of type in you. Cultivate them, ceaselessly add to them, never fear to accentuate them. Accentuate your peculiarities if you don't wish to be sucked in by the vortex of commonplaces. He that fears to be peculiar must always remain the mediocre.

**Human Counsel.**—In no really difficult case, whether of sickness, or soul, or circumstance, has man's counsel availed much. This is my experience. All wisdom, all useful aid, has come from God, from him alone. I don't say, Have nothing to do with human advice, but I do say, Wholly trust and depend upon the Lord.

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**Warning.**—Some of the truly awful events of the world, both in public history and private life, have been the swift and signal acts of retribution which have surprised men in the midst of their triumphant wickedness. Yes, even in the present state of things the balance of justice is pretty nearly accurate. Sow the wind, reap the whirlwind. My Son, if thou wouldst live, keep thy hand out of falsehood, and guile, and wickedness in every shape. The wicked sin against the innocent, much more recklessly do the wicked sin against each other. The wicked are the messengers of fearful retribution to the wicked! But, innocent or not, know thou that every deed of defiance towards Heaven will as surely bring down the thunderbolt as the lurid



flash of lightning that blinds and fills thee with dread. Tremble to do wrong: even for the highest end never do what is base and false. The Retribution is sure.

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**Being.**— How seldom men have more, even as much, nay, half as much, as they say! How seldom are they as deep as they think! Let thy thought be deeper than anything thou canst say: let thy nature be deeper and higher than thy best thoughts. Anyway, it is a sign of spiritual health when this incessant flow of speech does not exhaust thy being.

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**Silence.**— Few men know the profound adjustments between speech and silence. Speech is a blight that can suck up the sea itself. The fig-tree that has run wild in rank foliage is accursed. Speech, again, like the heavenly winds, causes the overflow of all noble ideas and sympathy. Expression and soul are the systole and diastole of Divine Humanity. Yet silence is the deepest thing in the universe. The eloquence of Christ that has conquered mankind

was the transcendent silence he kept before the court that adjudged his death. Drink the fullest measure of silence if thou wouldst have thy words produce any effect.

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**Peace.**—The truest revelation of peace is the admission of your fallen self in God.

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**The Counterpart.**—There is a bright counterpart of me—I know not whether in body, or soul, or in both—mirrored within the eternal bosom. There is a divine counterpart of me that I know will not die. At the very moment I see God in me, I see myself in him. I try to keep before me this picture of my true self, and try to be faithful to it always.

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**Whence and Whither.**—This poor image of clay is unoffending: men hate it without cause. I am not here. I soar and swim and dive deep. Nobody knows my true residence. I am an incognito here. I was before I came, I shall be

when I am gone hence. I am on wing already. I have found my true lineaments, they are becoming more and more clear every day. I am not yet fully born. I am only breaking the egg-shell of my immortality. On that day my full-fledged spirit will take its flight to God; and shall I leave any message where I have gone?

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*Self-expense.*—Then is my dignity when I am perfectly alone with my God. The presence of men, even of the best friends, spoils enjoyment. There is always self-expense in conforming to company, there is always a meanness in expression. The profoundest impulse in utterance catches some taint of unreality.

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*The Two Selves.*—Really, it seems I have two different selves, a working self and a communing self. Most assuredly I reach the height and dignity of my being when in the latter condition. Then I am established, and sometimes absorbed in God. In my daily devotions, in my morning contemplation, in the composition of my books,

I am generally in this state. It is also true that before men, mixing in controversy, making speeches I lose this state. I have a hope that the two selves will unite some day. Some day I will utter a message much greater than myself, I will say a word that men shall remember. Some day they shall understand me, and accept me.

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**The Mother.**—Mother, Mother, Mother, how homelike is life everywhere when thou art near! O Mother, O fair sweet Morning Star, O august glorious Face, O Fragrance, O Smile ineffable, behold like a helpless babe, like an uncared orphan, I spread my arms to thee. Put me to rest on thy bosom forever. Plead for me to thyself. Cast me not away into the cold and dark. Give me a place in thy home.

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**My Offence.**—It is a wonderful study to me how I have managed to offend all men. A timid, nervous, weak-mouthed, weak-minded man, my natural level was to fall in with the times and men's fancies. What induces me to

fight thus against the tide and wind? What interest has it served? What rank has it conferred? Loss of place, influence, health, loss of life held in prospect,—wherefore? O Truth, thou stern, inexorable doom of God's humble servants, thou hast bound me hand and foot. In committing myself into thy hands, I have cast myself into the shoreless sea. I am carried along I know not whither. But I trust to thee O God of truth, for a safe harbor. I scorn men's rescue. This helplessness thou hast created, thou alone canst cure. To thee I look. If I have kept thy word, keep thou me and lead me out of the deep waters.

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**Root and Soil.**—Thought, feeling, word, imagination, are so far in advance of thyself that, if thy faith and character were able to keep pace, thou wouldst be an immortal. When the root is in the ground, and the root is good and the ground is good, leaf, flower, and fruit are only a question of time. But leaf, flower, and fruit without root and without ground,—how long will they last?

**Immortality.**—Immortality is either faith or soul-experience. The faith may be blind faith, or historical or theological; and it may or may not give rise to real experience. But the insight of the soul is real above all things, and it brings along with it faith — nay, certitude — of a singular order. I cannot tell men how, but I behold immortality.

**God's Grace.**—Oh, the exhilaration of the sense that God's grace is with me in all I am doing! It sweetens the sunlight, calms the breathing, nerves all endeavor, and makes the rough places smooth. God's grace is with every one somewhere or other. But he who feels it and trusts to it is worthy of it, has won it, and gets its inexpressible advantage.

**Trusting and Seeing.**—Make haste to be reconciled to thy God. This means that in every event, chiefly in undesired ones, see each one of his glorious attributes. See his power, see his purposeful wisdom, his love, his righteousness,

his joy-giving blessedness, and the integrity of his conduct and dealing,—see all this, feel, realize, in what tries or troubles you. It is impossible to *see* at first. At first begin by obstinately trusting, and then your faith shall be reborn in the light and soul-vision.

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**Civilization.**—Once for all, I say, I indig-  
nantly repudiate the ideal set up by modern  
civilization. The Nirvana of pain, the self-  
guidance to bodily or mental contentment, is a  
selfish, hoggish satisfaction. Oh that I should  
ever have been trained to look up to that as my  
goal in life! What unspeakable pain it takes  
me to outgrow it! This Guidance to which I  
have committed myself is not my own. It darkly  
encompasses me, but brightens up now and  
again into the sweetest, most loving, sympathetic  
presence. There is often deep pain in me, and  
I cannot put it away; and for long intervals my  
contentment of body and mind is entirely gone.  
Dread and dislike it as I may, I have to go  
through all this fire and brimstone. But I am  
the better for it, never the worse. Every other

kind of life I have left long, long behind. My humble ideal is to bear the cross of the Son of Man, bend under it, sweat and sigh, but have the secret strength and joy that the hand of God is leading me home through unknown ways to unknown glory. Believe me, there is more joy in trustful self-surrender than in all the fool's paradise of so-called civilization.

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**Gratitude.**—The essence of ingratitude to God and man is this: what we get we take as a matter of course; what we do not get, even if it be a very small matter, worries our life out of us. It is necessary we should not be able to get a good deal of what we wish that we may learn to be grateful for what we get. It is more important we should be grateful to God than that we should be masters of the whole world.

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**The Broken Net.**—My soul, thou art like a broken net. Ceaseless currents of transcendent life pass through thee, but thou catchest nothing. If only a few drops of these divine cataracts daily



gathered in the depths of my being, I would be to-day a spiritual sea, the abode of heavenly treasures. But now the eternal flow passeth, and ceaseth not: my heart is as dry as a stony water-bed. Living amidst the ocean, I parch with thirst,—not a sweet, cooling drop to moisten my burning throat! Mend these tatters, O Creator, shut up these rents, enclose me within myself. I will hold and treasure thee in my hidden parts.

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**Charity.**—Nay, not once, but often and often must you give your all to the poor, if you are to learn renunciation on the one hand and charity on the other. For charity is a discipline, not a mere impulse. Charity is eternal, self-renunciation means eternal love.

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**Lobeless Self-sacrifice.**—As for loving your enemy, it is not a mere fit of generosity,—though the generous are to be honored,—it is in repeated and cruel sacrifice of self-respect that you have to learn to love your enemy. The humiliation seems sometimes undutiful;

but, when the feeling of love is once excited, what shame is unbearable? Self-sacrifice without love is the cruelest amputation.

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**Truth triumphs.**— Oh for the doubtless, cloudless certainty of the perfect triumph of truth! It is one of the rarest graces that God can give to poor wandering man. Fight for truth with nothing but the grace of God to back you. Fight with the perfect assurance of victory. Fear nothing, reserve nothing, save nothing: with the last breath left in thee, fight. If thou fall, others shall rise to fight for thee till truth wins the battle of God.

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**Renunciation.**— Pleasant it was to think of renunciation before I thought of making it,— so different now! The fancy that I should stand alone with God, apart from the whole world, caused a halo to hover around my head. Now that I actually stand apart from men, often there is little left but the awful desolateness of my position. I feel I would fain go back to the leeks

and flesh-pots of Egypt. But that shall not be. I have sped too far into the wilderness now. Let me bear the full measure of my load. Let the fire of sacrifice burn to its last ember. Let me wait to see what comes when the whole of self is consumed.

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**Be Thyself.**—May God grant thee the possession of what he has given thee! Every man is the born master of spiritual riches hid deep in himself. But few, very few, are put in possession of their patrimony here. If thou shouldst only learn to gain and use what is rightfully thine, thou shalt live and die a prince among mankind. Know thyself, be thyself: it is the best thou canst be here on earth.

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**The Cross.**—The acceptance of thy holy will, O Lord, in the cross of thy blessed Son, has the twofold effect of overcoming the love of life and the fear of death. Behold, we are doubly afflicted. Loving life, we cannot keep it: fearing death, we cannot escape it. Only submission to thy will is left to me. That suffices for both.

**Forgetfulness.**—Self-forgetfulness, the blessed oblivion of all things in holy communion, acts on the soul as deep sweet sleep acts on the body. What would man's life be without the nightly unconsciousness of slumber! Yet behold, O God, how we are drowsily awake to ourselves to bear the crushing burdens of our little world, and be sat upon by the nightmares of vanity. Give us to fall asleep on thy bosom, and forget all the misery of self-consciousness.

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**The Figure of the Cross.**—My will is represented well by a straight line — thus, running from birth to death in unbroken current through the flesh and the world in all manner of self-indulgence unto the hidden abyss. God's will is represented by a perpendicular | thus, falling from heaven like a bolt of thunder. The two wills meet, and form the figure of the cross + thus. It cuts me, severs me, hinders me, clogs me, compels me; but thy will, O God, saves me. That cross means the life and death of the Son of God. "For me," therefore, "to live is Christ, and to die is gain."

**Calmness.**— Be earnest without being passionate; be calm, not indifferent; patient, yet hopeful. Bear with the follies and weaknesses of men, bear with the incredible meanness and villainess in thyself, bear with the sad iniquities of the times; but let not thy faith in truth waver for a moment. What knowest thou of the quiet angel influences working around thee? What knowest thou of the times and purposes of God? Triumph over every folly and wickedness in thine own heart, thou shalt understand things better. Be perfect in the practice of every virtue before the altar of conscience.

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**Truth unpopular.**— I have gained somewhat in the power of sifting truth from the world's battle-cry. Men fight under false colors, they bear the banner of truth, and fight for self-interest. But, oh, the discovery of truth has made all parties my enemies. Hating each other violently, they are unanimous in one thing, in hating and persecuting me. I never knew before truth was so terribly unpopular. It is a glorious thing, however, to be hated for Truth's sake.

**Divine Holiness.**—The adoration of Divine holiness in the tender sentimentalities of prayer is a blessed, sanctifying joy. But the fact of Divine holiness realized in life's motives means the kindling of a fierce fire in the heart, a violent enthusiasm of hatred against all evil and untruth, a violent love of purity and truth. It is a sort of funeral pyre on which all worldliness is burnt, and this poor flesh is burnt with it. It is the fearful torch which the prophet-martyrs have handed to the generations. Hold it steadily, fearlessly, O my Soul: hold it with the grasp of death.

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**The Dual Love.**—Two strangely opposite desires consume me: the one is to be lost in the blessed consciousness of God: the other is to love, serve, and be one with the sons of men. While I am with men, oh, how often I am far from God! While I seek him diligently, and find and enjoy his communion, I have no thought of coming down to the world again. What brings me down? What takes me away from the world? Amidst the conflict of these two desires I have achieved nothing to perfec-

tion. Yet it seems to me backwards and forwards I must go thus till the end. I can neither love God nor man to my heart's content, though love is daily growing stronger in me. Life is too short and too weak for this mighty vow of love.

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**Flower and Leaf.**—Every flower is not a princess of beauty, like the rose, or a queen of purity, like the lily. Flowers are sweetest and best when they take their place by each other. What are leaves without flowers, and what are flowers without leaves? Every man has his place, though every man be not a genius.

**The Battle of Truth.**—I have fought the battle of truth with no other weapons than truth, love, and right; and, therefore, I have not been able to triumph in the worldly sense. Men charge me with incompetence and unpracticality. They may very well do so. But I have one comfort. I am full of truth, love, and right: these I *have been* able to preserve, at least in my own heart. If I had intrigued with violence, falsehood, and

party spirit, I could surely have won a better place for myself before the world. But this I have always scorned to do. If truth, love, justice to all men and everybody's interests will not give me victory, I will die a defeated man,—yes, defeated, but neither conquered nor despairing. Truth and justice and love shall conquer in the end. But remember the greatest victories are won after the soldier has fallen on the battlefield. Dead and gone, I shall not die, but yet glorify thee, O my God!

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**Well provided.**—What insect is there not furnished with proper organs of action and self-defence? Even harmlessness and helplessness have their active and defensive function. The lion and lamb have each their place and dignity. Be true to thy own nature, use the faculties most prominent in thyself, and thou, too, wilt see the day of thy victory.

**Revere Men.**—Religious life is impossible without personal reverence for holy men. These holy men must not only be of the past, but living,



well-known men amongst ourselves. The more there are of such, the more practical your holy living. Find earthly vessels for the pure incense of your devout feelings. Unless held in safe-keeping by others, these ethereal emotions shall evaporate, and leave your heart a rank, desecrated sanctuary.

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**Be Blessed.**—My Son, let the afflicted bless thy presence, and the suffering wish to have thee by their bedside. Let the humble and pure-minded love to reflect on thy conduct.

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**To my Wife.**—Feeding me, thyself half-starved, clothing me while thou art ragged, what is there in me that draws thee so, O messenger of God! Watching over my life and health with a sleepless care, providing me with comforts in my utter poverty and helplessness, following me in long, friendless wanderings, forgetful of home, of an aged father, of a dying mother,—what reward hast thou for all this unselfish trouble? I have not a pice to give thee to relieve thy want, not a shelter where thou

mightest find a friend, nay, not even an hour to talk to thee and comfort thee. All day absorbed in my meditation, study, and work, my soul far away from thy duties and pursuits, I leave thee in a solitude which saddens and depresses thy soul. Yet thou refusest not to be with me. For these long, long years one hour in the day thou hast been my constant associate,—the hour of my mid-day devotions. Thou dear, unfailing companion, thy voice has been raised with mine to the threshold of God's sanctuary in the forest, on the mountain-top, in the far country, and thy head has been bowed with mine to the dust at the Father's feet; thy tears have mixed with mine; thou hast been my follower, my disciple, my fellow-devotee. Oh, may the unspeakable blessings of God that shower on my head be thine also! Thou art my faithful friend; thy simple woman's wisdom has helped me in many a need, in many a perplexity, and in every needful season thou hast spoken and I have heard thee. Thou hast warned me in the moment of temptation, strengthened me when I was depressed. Whenever I really sought thy aid, I found it. But, O my prized, O my beloved, I have

been unable to relieve thee of the world's cares and wants. Be thou with me yet a little while, for I am getting old and weak. Yet better were it that I should be without thee than thou without me in the world. Let God's will be done unto both of us till the end.

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**Learning.**—I have been in no sense a scholar, yet I have read much. I have read mostly what I wanted to know. I wanted to know of thy glory, O God, thy love for all things and for man, and man's love for thee. I also wanted to know of man's love for man. If I got my life again, I would study these things more profoundly than I ever did. But opportunities, I feel, shall be given me where I am going. Great are thy works, Lord God Almighty! Thou wilt teach sinners.

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**Revere Men.**—Like personal love, we must consent to place personal reverence in vessels not always the most worthy. Properly speaking, none, no, not one, but the Perfect Good is deserving of the love and reverence of my deepest

heart. But I must love, I must revere many for all that. The Infinitely Good I can but seldom contain. In whomsoever, therefore, I behold a particle of his sweet perfection, there I will give my love and reverence. The responsibility is for him who receiveth, not for him who giveth.

Thou art responsible for *not giving*. Give, give, give away, give where thou hast received. Repay the undeserved beneficence of the kind, loving Father by giving away without the hope of gain.

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**Anomaly.**—The poorest of men, why do I seem rich; the most friendless, why do I live as if I had many friends? Yet I scarcely hope for anything from the world. Unto God, in him, and by his grace, I live from day to day.

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**Self.**—O mysterious vanity, O cruel delusion, thou antichrist, O thou self, worst enemy of God and man, I have found thee out! I will destroy thee every day, under whatever fond disguise thou hidest thyself. Whether thou be the flesh ever cherished, or passion which the

world worshipping, whether thou be pride or position, comfort or good name, thou art the manifold devil, the source of all evil. I have found thee out. I will make self-sacrifice my only sacrament, my only discipline, my only ambition and joy. In a hundred shapes is the marvellous humanity of Christ disguised. As defeat undeserved in the struggle for truth, as loss of heart and love, as ill-fame and unpopularity, as contempt and distrust from those dearly trusted, bad health, poverty, and desertion by God, in countless other formidable shapes the Son of God knocks at my door. "If any man will let me in, I will come and sup with him." Yea, yea, O glorified Humanity, thou God in human shape, I will sit by thee, sup on the bread of suffering, and drink the wine of holy tears.

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**Character and Sentiment.**—One ounce of solid faith and holiness can be melted into a sea of sentiment. With five loaves and fishes you can feed thousands, but mere words and emotions will not nourish a single soul. Out of emptiness only emptiness comes.

**Self-sacrifice.**—Lo ! the world prepareth for me,  
—prepareth the field of Calvary, the worship of  
self-sacrifice. However I may love thee, O self,  
the fiat hath gone forth : thou shalt be destroyed  
and bereft of self, the Son of Man shall ascend  
whence he came, even the depths of the very  
God.

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**Faith.**—In the fierce rain, the maddest storm,  
in cloud and darkness as now, our faith in to-  
morrow's sunrise is wonderfully true. If so in  
the outer world, why not in the inner? O the  
certainty of faith in the joy and glory of the life  
immortal ! I will not die, but live and glorify  
my God.

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**Reshuh.**—To the congregation of the blessed,  
O my revered, I know thou dost minister. Thy  
ministry is endless. I would fain go and sit as  
I used to do when thou wert here, very quietly,  
very meekly, and worship the Glory with thee.  
I am tired. God's name is my only rest. There  
is no one here who knoweth the art of the utter-  
ance of God's name. Thou knewest it. I  
would hear thee, I would hear thee.

**Self-abasement.**—Have I abased myself sufficiently before all men? Has my sense of dignity been lowered? All the world, all my enemies, and I myself have seen how helpless I am. Now, if it be thy pleasure, O God, exalt the dignity of thy truth. I beseech thee, in my shame let not thy truth be disgraced, in my defeat let not thy blessed purposes be defeated. Lay me low in the dust; but, O Lord, give me to see the triumph of thy cause.

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**Persecuted Innocence.**—Persecuted innocence is alone exalted into the sonship of God. The blood of the Lamb serves two all-important purposes. . . . First, it cleanses all lingering sin; second, it infuses divine strength. He that suffers is only worthy to appreciate and benefit by Christ's suffering. He that is bereft of all self-will is alone filled with the strength of the Son of God.

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**Common Hatreds.**—We foolishly rejoice to find any one who hates those whom we hate, forgetting for the while that it is quite likely he hates our enemies quite as heartily as he hates our-

selves. The sympathy of hatred never leads to love or lasting union in any form. Any union based on a common hatred leads to worse hatred in future. Nothing is so explosive as hatred, and the explosion often happens in the most unexpected times and places.

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**The Evil-doer.**—The worst of evil-doers is preparing to hasten the doom of evil in him. The best in him is such a preparation, the worst in him is such a preparation, and his circumstances are the most formidable preparation of all. Therefore, O man of vengeance, give rest to thy soul, leave it alone, and let God's law execute its own judgment.

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**Good and Evil.**—Moral decision on the adjustments of good and evil in the world are given off-hand, as if everybody understood the complete machinery of causes and results. A man's own life furnishes the only data from which any correct view can be formed. If I am the measure of the world, I must say the evil in it is not God's making, but my own. That much



evil is disguised good, much good is ultimate misery, my own history proves. Though there is an undeniable mystery in the strange adjustments of the moral world that cannot be explained away, it is not more than faith and insight can assimilate. What has happened to me is no more than I could expect, and I am cheaply let off at that price.

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**Forgiveness.**— Love of enemy or the forgiveness of wrong is an essential condition of finding acceptance with God. A mere sentimental wish is ridiculously insufficient for this rare accomplishment. Two things are necessary. The first is a wild, craving, yearning pity for those who hate me. Sorrow irresistibly breaks out when I think of their condition. The second thing is an instinctive insight into the excellent points in the character of my adversaries. There is not one of them in whom I do not find a great, true, divine gift, such as I vainly aspire after. There is a third thing also. I every day find God loves them, the worst among them. Whom God loves, shall I hate? Whom God blesses, shall I curse?

**Faith.**—Supreme intelligence guides me. I will surely do what is wise in every relation of life.

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**Forgiveness.**—My soul cannot but groan under its great wrongs. My sorrows gnaw at my vitals. But why should I call up the ghosts and shadows of my enemies to curse them? With upraised voice I will confide my grief in my great, glorious Friend. What I dare not talk to him, I will trample away from my remotest thought. What I dare tell him, I will tell him night and day. He will answer me, and his assurance is wholesome.

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**God's Household.**—Is it possible that God should not answer thy supplications for his household? O thou that dost cry to him ceaselessly, how can the Father be deaf to thy prayers? Make thy peace with thyself. Make thy life saintly, purge thy inmost soul from every impurity, learn to see into the depths of the eternal purpose, and, though thy sufferings are many, thy consolation shall strengthen and heal the Father's house.

**Sonship.**—An august freshness of strength has begun to visit me. It fills my body and mind entirely. I rise head and shoulders above myself when it comes, and feel I am equal to every difficulty of my situation. This is the strength of sonship, this is the “strong Son of God, almighty love.” I will cherish it, and wait to see what it makes me grow into. Fifty-four years old only, I have not reached my majority.

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**Immortality.**—The daily habit of having a life in God, above the trials and occupations of the world, is the all-sufficient practical proof of immortality. Every fall in virtue, conscious or unconscious, is a fall from Heaven. Every triumph over the flesh is a help to realize life after death. Shut out the world, live in the consciousness of God, and you will know of the mysteries of death and eternity.

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**Do something.**—Establish something, achieve something, produce some result, let humanity assimilate thee, and remember thee as a part of itself.

**How to find God.**— O Beloved, O thou glorious idol of my heart, neither too great, nor too small, thy sweet being enough to fill me, I will bind thee with a heavy golden chain of four different cords. One of these will be sweet sentiment, the second will be pure knowledge, the third will be a ready obedience of character, and the fourth a childlike unreasoning faith. The first two are easy of acquirement, the last two most difficult: that is why I have not been able to hold thee in my heart.

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**Transmigration.**— Nature tends to rebirth perpetually. The good are becoming better, the bad are becoming worse; sometimes also the good bad, and the bad good. Nothing stands still. Do not mock at transmigration: it is taking place in you every day. The transmigration of character is real.

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**Be Natural.**— Child of God, be true to nature. Pray, ceaselessly pray to God. Behold him, trust him, love him, and let thy nature lead thee on. Avoid the vulgar false teachings about nature. Nature means the soul of the universe,

nature means thy own innermost soul, the soul within thy soul: it means Christ-nature, divine humanity. Nature means God.

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**Success.**—The man who knows his true soul has got the secret of success. Cast overboard your vain, second-hand Anglo-Saxon conceits, forget your foreign training, be yourself, be your highest self, be always what you are when you are in the bosom of God; and, surely, you shall win.

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**Be Yourself.**—Every day by your genuine devotions be reborn in the spirit of God. Find and commune with the divine humanity in you. Eat and drink your own highest nature. Devoutly contemplate the lives of the good and great. Rise up to higher and higher planes of holy life, till you have entirely conquered the animal in yourself.

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**Miracles.**—There is no real religion without miracles. Until the impossible becomes accomplished, and the so-called unnatural an un-

doubted fact, nature will not rise above itself, and the Divine will never be proved. Don't talk of the laws of nature. There is law higher and lower than law. The Spirit of Truth is a law unto himself; and the higher law does not break, but includes, the lower.

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**Conquer.**—I will conquer, I will conquer, I will die in the struggle like a true soldier; and then, tired, foot-sore, and homesick, I will lay my head on thy bosom, O Mother infinitely blessed, and cry, "Thy will be done."

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**Self-forgetfulness.**—Self-forgetfulness is a blessed attainment. It is very hard to be perfect in it. So many things in the world rule this poor self the wrong way that every moment we are thrown back upon the cruel thought of our loss and gain. We brood over our wrongs, though we know we cannot redress them. How joyful it is to be carried away, far from every self-remembrance, every bleeding feeling, every wrecked interest, and be absorbed in

thought and work beyond ourselves! There is a not-self, a beyond, a humanity, that rushes past. Throw yourself into it with a right good will, and it will take you to the land of peace.

Throw yourself headlong into every duty that presents itself and into every contemplation that draws you. Let your devotions, like a flood, drown and carry you away: spare nothing, reserve nothing, walk, read, pray, talk, labor, do everything you can to escape from this noxious brooding over thyself.

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**Everything speaks.**—Every weed flowers on these Himalayas, every water-drop tends to be a cascade, every bird has a song, every insect a voice, every grass a fragrance,—everything is typical here, and gives a message. So on Zion, the mountain of communion, everything within me, sense as well as soul, unfolds itself and blooms into a paradise.

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**Self-remembrance.**—Yet there is such a thing as holy self-remembrance. In the Shinto temple in Japan they always keep a mirror. The

Indweller is a spotless glass wherein every devotee can see his own face. A man's immortal self is strangely reflected on the camera obscura of God's bosom. To behold thyself there is indeed to know thyself in the highest sense. To remember thyself there is to master the secret of being. Nothing can hurt thy royal dignity there. Thou wert not, thou shalt not be, thou canst not find thyself anywhere in the whole world. Oh, find thyself in God! The past, present, and future,—all shall be illumined.

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**Order of Growth.**—First be converted, then called, then elected, and then fitted to glory eternal, both here and hereafter.

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**Self-knowledge.**—Ceaselessly does the world strain to make you seem other than what you are in your own eyes. It requires as much faith to know your true self as to know God. Only when you see your God, you see yourself.

All that tends to make you feel less than your true self, as seen in the mirror of the divine



bosom, is temptation. All that tends to remind you and make you feel your true self, as seen in God, is wisdom. Every man is your enemy, even the dearest and nearest: every man is your friend, even the cruelest and most hostile. In so much as any one pushes you nearer to God, he or she is your friend. In so much as any one makes you forgetful of your genuine self and your God, he or she, favorable or hostile, is your enemy.

**The True Self.**—Shutting yourself up you can not know your true self, nor by mixing in the thick of the world's noise and bargain. Intensely communing with nature, with circumstance, with the Divine in all men, in short, seeing yourself in your God, you know who you are.

**Divine Possibilities.**—Canst thou measure the possibilities of God, search out the limits of his power? They are beyond thy ken, subtler than ether, freer than air. They are boundless, mysterious, ever-active. Go, yield thyself in thought and desire to what he dispenses, in everything

that befalls thee yield to his leading, and then through unknown paths and strange surprises thou shalt be taken to where thou shalt behold what now thou dost feebly believe; namely, that nothing is impossible with the Almighty.

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**The Presence.**— There is no one alive who, at one time or another, hath not seen the glorious countenance of God. But there are few who are inspired to know whose face they see. Fewer still remember and recognize that countenance always. God is endless manifestation, endless light. Keep me awake to thy presence night and day.

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**The Courts of Heaven.**— I will daily attend the courts of heaven, daily partake of the communion of the prophets. I will sing with the congregation of saints thy ineffable glory. Above every sense, above earthly interest, above every bondage of the flesh, I will rise to thy eternal presence. O Father of spirits, spirit in spirit, I will be daily absorbed in thee. I see in my soul the very heavens which thou didst make for thy

glorified ones. Their angel wings shield me. I will see what higher heavens thou makest with them now. I will go home to heaven every day. With rejoicings, hopes, desires, songs, offerings, and with every faculty in ripeness and sweetness, I will go to heaven. Jesu, my soul's beloved, my glorified one, thou art there, O thou eternal Son of God, making my abode and waiting for me! Holy, awful Sakya, thou hero of self-conquest and humanity, with the sweet, profound rest of Nirvana thou waitest for me! O Chaitanya, thou inebriate of God's love, apostle of song, dance, and trance, thou waitest to give me thy embrace! How many of the great, good, wise, holy, I see! Among them all Keshub, my friend, my guide, my master. Thou prophet of harmony and unity universal, thy glorious countenance draws me as thy own. Oh, forgive all, and accept me! I will daily frequent the courts of heaven.

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**Overcome.**—I will overcome, I will overcome every difficulty of my position. I will overcome in the strength and grace of God. Desires, passions, temptations, the world and self, I will overcome

all. Poverty, debt, disease, persecution, and the strange, envious opposition of men in thy name, in thy love, O Lord, I will overcome, so that thy power shall be glorified. Save me first from myself. From despair, self-distrust, and the dulness of the flesh do thou save me. If in my heart I am one with thyself, who can resist me?

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**Daily Service.**—Have some hallowed memories before which you can daily prostrate yourself. Have some living men and women before whom you can daily bow down in reverence. Learn to bend before the types of humanity, — grand or strong, or tender or beautiful.

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**The Day of Judgment.**—My son, believe solemnly in the day of judgment. It must come. Here or hereafter it shall come. Blessed are they whom God judgeth here, and whose sins are purged away! But, ah! who can describe the severity of the process of purification! The punishment of sin, O my son, is a dreadful thing. I know it, as I feel it every day. Even

the smallest sins are visited with cruel justice. It tears up the very roots of being; it plants the heart anew; justice waters the heart with its own blood. Every inch, every grain, of this mortal life is burnt: no feeling, no susceptibility, is spared. And, when the chaff is fully consumed, there is gathered from it the gold of immortality. Wait for the day of judgment: prepare for it carefully; for know it shall come, here or hereafter.

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**The Dead and Alive.**—The dead are a terror to the living. The dead are no terror to the dead. The dead congregate together, and warn the world. Die to the world, death will no more frighten thee.

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**Holy.**—Holy are these white Himalayas; holy is this morning sunshine, this morning breeze. Holy is my body, with abounding life in God; holy is my mind, in its rapt contemplation; holy is the past, with all my sins forgiven; holy is the future, with its glorious hope and assurance. I have in me that which sanctifies and beautifies all earth and heaven.

**Woman.**—This force that weak woman has is a wonder. I cannot set limit to it. Woman's influence has an endless possibility. The very vilest and the saintliest are open to it. Find me the woman, and I will tell you what she can do: what training, what teaching, will make her what she ought to be. Man, rude, earthy man, knows but one kind of education; and that he is bent upon administering upon man, woman, child. Nature is nothing, sex is nothing, differing possibilities are nothing: the universal curriculum is all in all. O Christ, come back once more to the misguided earth, and raise another generation of Marys and Marthas.

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**Dark Unfaith.**—There is a dark shadow often brooding over me, as of some unknown danger. There is a sense of some felt but unknown unsoundness. It disappears every day after devotions, and is not seen during the hallowed hours of morning and evening communion. With every oppression or weakness of body it comes, specially in seasons when men persecute. I have known what it is. It is the fault of my

faith. The perfect assurance of perfect faith I rarely enjoy, though I have felt that assurance often enough to know it. The fault of faith is the fault of joy, the deficiency of light, the fear and ill-health of the soul's life. Oh, the faith of Christ! Oh, the faith of Keshub! The goal of my life is this fulness of calmness and perfection of assurance. My true self is hidden there.

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**Warning of Pain.**—Contemplate pain as a warning, and much of its problem will be solved. Pain warns against sin, disease, danger, death.

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**God is Life.**—When I feel God is *my life*, yes, my *very life*, the dear, dear *life* in me, I stand in awe of myself. I feel a reverence for my body and my soul. My life is not mine: it is God-force in me. I dare not trifle with it, far less defile it. I bless thee, O my God, that I was born. But there is another view of the matter. I hate my life so far as I identify *myself* with it, so far as this life, health, power, happiness, are misused by me as the groundwork of my passion,

self-interest. It is simply the evil principle. Nothing is more hateful. Life, therefore, is twofold. And it was in this sense only that Christ said, "He that loveth his life shall lose it, and he that hateth his life shall keep it."

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**Suffering.**—Against whom or what complainest thou, O fool? Every suffering is sent or appointed. It is penal, remedial, sacrificial. Count thyself happy if this world gives thee the opportunity of purification; and, if thou canst, enter the next sanctified and redeemed. Thou hast passed inferno. Passing through purgatories, speed on thy way heavenward.

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**Complain Not.**—Thy place taken away, thy usefulness curbed, thy gifts wasted? All nonsense. Have they been able to take away the glorious name of God from thy tongue? Have they taken away the peace and light of conscience, deprived thee of the rest and strength of God's bosom? Does the sun no longer shine for thee, the bird no longer sing, nature no longer in-



spire, humanity no longer instruct, God no longer guide, and the struggle for holiness give thee victory no longer? Be not anxious while the presence of God is at hand. There is enough to live for, to work for, to hope for, and wait for while the Spirit of God leads thee on to thy destiny.

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**Rest.**—The saint's perfect peace is the golden seal of God. It is the test of attainment (*Siddhi*). It is the tree out of a threefold root,—inebriate love, complete conviction, sanctification of heart.

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**God's Weapons.**—Light as a feather is the weapon with which God will crush and overwhelm the crafty.

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**Prayer.**—I ask of thee, O unspeakable Spirit, the great gift of infinity. Be thou my head, be thou my heart: do thou ever grow in me. Be thou the constraining law of my life, my holy conscience, and compel me to follow thee. Make to-day different from yesterday, and let me ever press on to perfection.

**Lowliness.**—Lowliness is not meanness or weakness, nor is nobility pride; but the noblest are always most lowly. True humility is an impenetrable stronghold, which neither insult nor injustice can take. The peace of the graciousness of God enables man to bear everything, while the proud are crushed by the tyranny of their own mortification.

**Love of Man.**—The love of humanity is a growing passion in me. I contemplate the wants and perfections, the joys and sorrows, of men with a strange personal interest. I love all men and women and children, the old and young. I love all. I have worked for the good of my kind. I delight to think I will die devoted to this work. God in man is a concrete reality. I will lose myself in that reality; and all hatred will 'cease in me, as well as anger and pride. Oh, blessedness unspeakable!

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**Wait.**—That which is made in a day is unmade in a day. The everlasting is the work of æons. The mountains teach this, the world, the suns, the religions, the ideals,—all teach this.

My soul, thou hast launched into the eternal seas, be not so impatient to reach the other shore. Whatever is truly noble is truly difficult.

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**Difficult Achievement.**—Is it a small thing to find permanent immersion in the Spirit of God, to study all things in and through him? Is it a small thing to make ideas realities? A lifetime seldom suffices for it. A thousand calamities, sufferings, falls, and rises, ten thousand heart-rending experiences, are necessary. But thou howlest at mosquitoes and scarecrows. Thou pasteboard hero, thine adventures are in the land of soap-bubbles, and thy victories are dreams.

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**In View of the Chicago Exposition.**—Great hope, exhilarating enthusiasm, a sense of triumph over weakness and want, alternate with brief intervals of fear, deadly depression, dark uncertainty. The first mood predominates, the last is a passing shadow; but, as it is the shadow of a possibility, I will count with it. For what am I going,—for vain glory? Nay.

To run away from my persecutors? Nay. For physical pleasure? Nay. For what, then? To lay the noblest aspirations of my country and my people before the judgment-seat of mankind; to glorify God in the land of the living, as I have glorified him in this land of death; to bear witness that the Spirit of God is infinitely active and alive, still evolving human destiny to higher inheritances, and shaping the future so much more glorious than the past; that the ideal may be made actual; that aspiration, communion, prayer, may be assured in their reality by the acceptance of all nations; that the New Dispensation of God preached to a few hitherto may dawn upon the whole world, I go. I know my infirmities, my dangers. I am conscious of everything that can happen to me. Who can escape the pursuit of disease and death? When his time comes, what will keep back the man? When God spares him, who will slay? But, whether I stand or fall, I prefer to be found with my Father. If I fall, I will fall at his side, fighting the good fight. If I come back, I will return with his blessing multiplied unto myself and unto my people.

**Faith.**—Build thy castle on ethereal foundations. The air is solid because it is peopled with the spirit of God. Having nothing, thou hast everything, if thou hast faith in the providence of God. Having no one, thou hast every one worth having on thy side, if God is with thee. "One with God is a majority."

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**What I Am.**—I am a green blade of grass whereon the morning dew sparkles with the diamond purity of God. I am humble, but very bright. I am an unheeded weed on the hillside which has flowered with the golden touch of autumn. Every weed flowers when God smiles upon it. Never despair.

I am the many-petalled morning marigold, the common unplucked flower, which no man wears in his buttonhole, no woman in her hair; but I shine, laugh, expand to my Morning Sun, fresh, fragrant, beautiful to him only, to no other.

I am the trodden pebble on the roadside. I would be white but for the dust of men's feet. I am streaked with imperishable colors, the handwriting of Destiny is on me. All men die.

I will not die. Small and contemptible, I have the longest life : I am immortal.

I am the faded, fallen November leaf. Even they do not care to sweep me with the broom. But see what sweet, mellow tints are painted on my bosom, what faint, delicate smell I offer to the winds. I and my life can adorn tree and forest, beautify the land, and take our place among the sweetest and tenderest, both among flowers and fruits.

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**Sacrifice.**—Renunciation and hard work are no merit to the man of God's love: they are an instinctive necessity. The meanest earthly love proves the truth of this.

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**Eureka.**—I have found thee, O Awful, in the mysteries of nature, thou beauteous, glorious, calmness, power, sweetness, unspeakable! O great Life, Soul, O my Beloved, I have found thee as Father, Mother, Friend. It seems I can yield, and offer my dear life in thy hands. Art thou not my *life*? Thyself in me, all that is best, purest in me, thou. I offer thee to thy-

self, I, only thy humble, self-sacrificed devotee, rejoicing in all this worship and oblation. Take thou what is thine in me, and in all I own, so that nothing be left to me, and everything be consecrated to thee. I have found thee, O Beloved, in me : in my life, heart, soul, in my joy, sorrow, suffering, I have found thee. Henceforth suffer me to live in thee and with thee. In all humanity I have found thee, Great God, in the marvellous history of man. In all these arts and creations of genius, in all this wonderful progress from good to better, in knowledge, science, happiness, refinement, civilization, in the infinite activities of the race, present and past, I have found thee resplendent. But most and dearest of all I behold thee in the faith, worship, the impulses, aspirations of man, the profound, unmentionable infinity of holy thoughts in every age and land. In the dealings of thy dreaded providence with the Hindu, Hebrew, the Chinaman, Greek, Roman, Barbarian, in the progress of thy awful dispensations through prophets, seers, and devotees, I behold, adore, and glorify thee. I am but a miserable worm : thou art all in all. Give me thy peace forever !

**Our Minister.**—Christ is self-surrender. Saint Paul is conversion of heart. Sakya Muni is self-conquest. Chaitanya is inebriation in God's love. All these together make up the Divine Humanity, which my honored friend, Keshub, possessed in such abundance.

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**The Hand of God.**—I have fallen into the hands of God: the terrible wheel of providence is grinding me out of myself. I bleed well-nigh unto death. Let me alone, for it is better thus. Every atom of vanity and evil will be crushed in me. I become truer, diviner, every day. Grieve not even if I go down under the process. But verily I will not die. I will live, and declare the glory of God.

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**Destiny of the Passions.**—All passions, like other natural forces, are transmutable. In their excellence or in their grossness they resolve into soul's unity or enmity with God. Anger can be turned into divine sorrow. Instead of being wrathful and revengeful, you can weep over your enemies (as Christ over Jerusalem), you make



your loyalty to truth all the more uncompromising. Covetousness has been sometimes turned into generosity and renunciation. Miserly men have now and then given their all unto the poor. Even lustfulness can be changed into holy love. When wrung out of the soul, prayer is the transmuting force. It is the great magician's wand, the touch of which turns ashes into gold. The greater your passions, the greater your possibilities.

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**Ideals and Idols.**—Invariably we reverence men either more or less than their due. We never know the exact worth of our betters. Our reverence and trust is never perfect, nor can it be until our reverence and trust in God is perfect. The moment you make man your ideal, even the best, highest, holiest man—nay, even Christ himself—displaces God, and usurps his throne. Or, rather, you dethrone God to set up your idol. This must be always abhorrent to the spirit of the Theist. Ideals and idols very often mean the same thing. "*Be perfect, even as your Father in heaven is perfect,*" that is my ideal, my model, destiny, whatever you call it

*How* to be perfect Christ exemplifies chiefly, others also in their due measure: Christ is hence the head of human brotherhood. Before him and after him, but always in his spirit, others have exemplified perfectly. They are all elder brothers. And the succession comes down in direct line to every man's own doors, to his own appointed minister, teacher, leader. The great model needs a model, that model needs a model, that another, and that another; and thus the law of apostolic succession includes and involves every form, every stage of human perfection and human brotherhood. Perfect as an example of goodness to *us*. The *us* always a variable quantity, never perfect in goodness before God. God alone is perfect goodness. "Why callest thou me good?"

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**Reconciled to God.**—Be utterly convinced of the righteousness of the dealings of God, harsh as these may seem. Unless it is your joy to believe that he has been thoroughly just, nay, more than just, undeservedly forbearing and generous, you will knock your head against rocks at every step. The justice of God's deal-

ings admitted, your humiliation reconciled with your self-estimate, your attitude to men and things made up, you may safely look out for your place in your Father's household.

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**Sensitiveness.**—I am a most delicate and complicated organism: do not handle me roughly. I am the most highly finished fabric: do not trample upon me. Spoil me not, do not. desecrate and dishonor me. I will enrich you, bless you, and make you joyful.

Let strength and delicacy be combined in you in equal measure. Tender and sweet as the rose-leaf, learn to be sharp and stern like the iron spike. Let no rough handling throw you out of gear. Let no harshness embitter you. Let the bad take some good out of your company. Let it not be in the power of any evil to defile you.

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**Learn forgiveness.**—Daily go out of thyself to find how God is loving to the vilest, poorest, least. Behold how the wicked flourish, the unbeliever is blessed, the impenitent sinner let

alone. Hate none, not even the most grievous offender. Neither hate nor fear: suffer evil, but never show indulgence to it. Consent to be hated by the evil-disposed: be not afraid to be the victim of the malicious. Love, love without fear: be stern and unyielding to maintain the right. The Omnipotent defends you.

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**Dignified Poverty.**—If you are demonstrative in your poverty, men dislike you; but perhaps they dislike you all the more if you are dignified and poor at the same time. The poor and rich hate this dignity alike, the former because they take it to be an affectation, the latter because they take it as an impertinence.

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**Keep quiet.**—It is about as mean to prate about one's poverty as about one's wealth. Some are always grieving over their ill-health, others boasting of their muscle and nerve. All is vain. Men get to know somehow what you actually are. I have now and then frankly told my friends how poor I am. But in vain. The

shadow of prosperity and ease clings to me, I cannot shake it off. A prince outwardly, a pauper within. Sometimes also a pauper outside, a prince within. What strange delusion! Keep quiet over yourself. The wise and the loving will find you out.

**Triumph of Truth.**—It sometimes happens that the cause of truth is the cause of a man's self, and he disguises his desire of eminence by a professed desire of the victory of truth. But rest assured the winnowing fan of Providence separates the wheat and the chaff. The victory of truth comes after so many postponements that, when it comes at last, you find it brings no triumph to yourself. The pure, heavenly joy that is born of virgin righteousness is too subtle and impalpable to our coarse, unregenerate humanity.

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**Devotedness.**—Devotedness, life-long, unflinching, entire, is the secret of every success. However humble your good work be, fear not to be devoted to it till the end. Bear every reverse, every discouragement, every trial. Let your

devotedness be without reproach or question. Success comes late, by very slow approaches, — nay, sometimes after the worker has passed away. But he who practises and teaches devotedness handles the lever that is sure to move the world in the end.

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**Thought of Death.**— Never spend a thought on death: work every faculty, strain every nerve, use every opportunity. Live as strenuously as though thou wert to live forever. Act thy allotted part with all thy heart; and, then when in fit time the call comes, resign God's work into God's hands, and enter into thy rest with the old assurance, "Well done!"

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**Ambition and Success.**— But few men are born in the world whose powers are commensurate with their ambition. The spirit is apt, but the flesh weak. The finite is in every one: the infinite is *embodied* by few. What is the means of doing this? Devotion to a great cause is a wonderful opener of possibilities. And God gives the means and opportunities to the sincere.

The adaptation of means to aptitudes forms the soul of the highest attainable education.

O Eternal Word, how shall I utter thee, how carry out thy purpose, how sacrifice unto thee everything thou hast given me to call mine! Achieve thine august ends through thy slave.

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**Secrets.**—The heaven of spiritual relations is a strictly kept zenana which women and eunuchs are only allowed to enter. Uninitiated feet must not tread it, unconsecrated lips shall not utter it. The contents of your secret treasury had better not be advertised. Newspaper writing is the curse of spirituality. Beware!

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**Opposites.**—When I was gentle, sweet, and yielding, they scorned and misused me: now I will be a thunderbolt, let them deal with me as they can.

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**If am God's Delight.**—The profound sense that I am God's delight is the soul's unfailing consolation and strength. But strange the

blessed Father delights in every creature. Yet only one in ten thousand can feel that he is God's beloved. The deepest curse that befalls the sinner is the unconsciousness of God's love. The deepest blessing of the saint is the consciousness that God loves him. When thou lovest me, all the immortals find in me their delight. I have often asked the Spirit to explain why this is so. The answer is the following: "Whenever or as long as thou lovest anything that is unlovely in my sight, the sense that I love will be taken away from thee. Whenever thou perfectly lovest, and lovest what is lovely in my sight, the sense of my love shall overflow thy soul, albeit I love thee always."

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**Debts.**—Thou, O Beloved, art a debtor unto me. I wait for the day when thy great debt shall be paid. Didst thou not send me out into the world with the promise of making me like thyself,—yea, one with thee? My life is drawing near its end, yet thy promise is not fully redeemed. True, I am thy bond-slave, every hair of my head is sold in debt to thee. But I



will discharge my debt to thee when thou hast discharged thine to me. When thou hast made me like thyself, every debt I owe to thee or to any one will be wiped out at once and forever.

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**Prominence.**—To my mind, God knows, it is a hateful thing to thrust myself into prominence among men. But here in town it is appointed I should go through this painful discipline. My heart longeth to hide myself among the mountains and forests, for an interval at least,—if God wills, for a long interval.

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**Worship.**—Know God as the Person, trust him wholly, let there be no doubt, no misgiving; call him by the dearest, truest of names,—this is worship.

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**Preaching.**—Your preaching should, if possible, subsist on the interest of your spiritual capital, so that your life be infinitely deeper than your words. He who lives on his capital is soon bankrupt.

**Do not Die.**—The fear of death causes all the failure of noble endeavor. Conquer that, and you have conquered the world.

**The Right Moment.**—When the call comes, raise yourself to exertion. A moment is too soon or too late.

The wind has changed, and bloweth aright, the tide has set, the sign is given. Now launch thy boat into the deep, O pilgrim; and may the north star guide thee into home and harbor!

**Death.**—I have outgrown the superstition that death is a terror. Death is peace, sweetness, repose in the bosom of the lovingest and best of parents, the august, eternal Mother.

**The Philosopher.**—Intense thoughtfulness and profound repose form the axis around which the devout philosopher's life revolves. Hot as ten volcanoes and calm as the Alpine glaciers, he has the heart to sympathize with every condition.

**Unite.**—Unite with men, unite, love, honor, help all, wherever, whenever, however, thou canst. As early as possible down to the latest moment, let thy conscience bear testimony that thou hast loved God's children,—loved them in all conditions and in all attitudes towards thyself. Respect every conviction, every party, every individual: find out God and goodness in humanity, worship it..

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**Ultimate Triumph.**—I have stood alone in the cause of truth and right; but I have seen and will yet see the day when the very stones of the street will cry out against my persecutors.

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**The Universal and Particular Man.**—There is a universal self and a particular self in every godly man. The former is diffused over all the soul-world, over all the universe, and over the mansions of the blessed. The latter belongs to a place, a community, a cause. The universal self feeds itself on meditation, devotion, sentiment, reason, thought, on carrying out the general purpose of good. The particular self is

fed on definite duties, definite labor, has a position in the world, a mission to the time and to the age : it has a rank, a reputation, a success, or a failure. Faith and communion merge the two selves into one : the Galilean Carpenter became not only King of the Jews, but the Son of Man, the Inheritor of the Ideal Humanity.

*The Unoccupied Soul.*—Strange, strange, my soul, thou findest no occupation in God ! Thou sleepest during devotions, meditation is burdensome to thee, thou hast no holy service, and time hangs heavy on thy hands. Remember night and day were not enough for the saints for prayer, communion, and thought. Their whole lifetime was spent in the Master's blessed service. If life was quadrupled, they could not serve God enough. To thee this mountain solitude is oppressive. They fled from men into caverns to hide themselves. Alas ! poor creature, thou hast not known the august Spirit, hast not beheld his face, hast not heard his voice. Therefore, thou findest so little to do. Thou hast seen how solicitous the widowed mother is

for her only child, thou hast seen how active the devoted wife is for the husband who makes up her home. Even more solicitous, anxious, active, is the faithful devotee's soul for his beloved God.

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**In Distress.**— And now, O God, my witness, I pour out my soul to thee in heavy distress. I have loved and honored each of these little sects in which thy household has been divided. I have deeply humiliated myself before every one. I have forgiven every cruel wrong and injustice, and before thy presence behaved as if I was the wrong-doer. But their hatred has not abated: they have all looked upon me as their enemy. They have returned my trust with secret distrust: they have repaid my love with ridicule. Now I am passing away to thy awful judgment-seat; but what will become of these? I dread to think of the shock which their mutual pride and hatred will bring upon themselves. Who will love and honor and cherish them as I have done? In great anguish I pray, Father, if it be thy pleasure, soften their hearts toward each other in humility and by thy awakening:

let them behold their errors, sins, wilfulness, and wickedness. Lead them to the ways of godly repentance, infuse into their hearts the blessedness of saintly humility. If it be thy pleasure, let them feel I have been their faithful friend and well-wisher, never their enemy at any time. Lord, save thy household, come to the help of thy misguided servants, oh, raise thy fallen cause.

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**The False Follower.**—Christ rode a donkey, Sakya Muni ate pork; but every man who practises donkey-riding and feeds on hog's flesh is neither like Christ nor Sakya. How apt are we, the apes of the world, to copy one or two gestures of great men, and then imagine ourselves great! The false follower picks up the least important qualifications or the positive disqualifications of the prophet, and then quarrels with the world because it will not do as he does.

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**To God.**—O august Infinite, thou hidest in the little things of time and matter. At every turn of thought I behold thy unspeakable face.

O eternal Person, wondrous Beauty and Holiness, everything of sense and soul is thy glorious witness. I never knew thou wert so near, so true, so dear, so absolutely mine. I now, most humbly supplicate, teach me to hide myself in thee as thou hidest in me. In being conscious of thee and thy purposes, teach me to be ever conscious of my being. Cause thy thoughts to be my thoughts, thy heart to be my heart. Bury me in the Infinite, take me home to the Eternal. Yea, by thy mercy I daily transcend myself, yet daily fall into the mire of myself. If I have found thee, why dost thou not entirely transfigure me, turn me into something else, turn me into thyself, into thy son forever?

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**Do Everything.**—Trusting and depending upon the Ever-living, Ever-real, I will do everything. I have sought men, but they have not come to me. Now I will seek my Father, and his strength alone. Men will flock to me, money will pour into my lap, and success shall float with my banners. And the glory shall be thine, thine only, O glorious Lord of hosts.

**Law and Love.**—Law and love are one in God, but unreconciled almost in every man's personal life. Love is lawless, law is loveless.

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**Not here.**—No really great merit, it seems to me, brings its reward here, so far as the possessor himself is concerned. The world recognizes it sooner or later, and there is just as much recognition as leads forward the elect of God; but nothing we can do in return sufficiently remunerates genuine excellence.

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**Heaven.**—My soul, let us go home to heaven; for heaven is accessible. If you trust in the immortals, they will surely influence you. They influenced you by their earthly life: more powerful in heaven, will they not move you now? Only trust them, and walk according to the laws they laid down. They will come to you, teach you, comfort you now, and then take you to their abode. For know they are not far. Are they not in God? Are *you* not in God? Does not love abolish time and space and difference



of condition and circumstance? They are indeed glorious in their immortality. They will impart their glory to you.

Heaven is accessible by two thoroughfares. One lies through the heart, the other through creation and humanity. Thou thyself art the terminus of both, because the spirit of God penetrates thee.

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**Opposition.**—I have known somewhat how to bear opposition, and it has also added to my growth. I have not yet known how to subdue and crush opposition. Unless that is known and shown, my destiny will not be complete. Teach me to attack opposition, grind it, swallow it, digest it, and assimilate it into the substance of my being.

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**Immortality.**—After the sacred daily bath, I see the poor, crumpled, unclean, sodden cloth I cast away. I put on a pure white garment to drape my cleansed, baptized body. It strangely brings back to mind the immortality that awaits me. The cloth cast away once covered me, warmed, and adorned me; but what

is it now? In throwing it off, do I grow less or more? Oh for the day when I shall cast away this poor rag of humanity, so full of pain and weariness! when, washed, refreshed, regenerated, I shall put on the glorious robe of life immortal! All things point to that far-off event, all the appearances of nature, all the triumphs of virtue, all the births and rebirths around.

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**Not understood.**—Not to understand what is happening to you makes half the interest of life. The world would be a poor, paltry affair if everything took place according to your anticipations.

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**Stages.**—Bent under the load of troubles and experiences countless, the poor old man stands before thy door, O God,—stands as a child wearily seeking the mother's breast. Everything I have known and seen proves that I need thee more than aught else, that thou only art real, all else is vain. My childhood has been enriched by youth, youth strengthened by manhood, manhood mellowed by old age. But be-

fore thee, Mother glorious, I am still a child. The simplicity, warmth, innocence, of my childhood, I pray, take not away from me. Take not away the enthusiasm and romance of youth. The knowledge, calmness, and strength of manhood teach me to keep; and teach me, now that I am really growing infirm, to outgrow the follies and passions of life. O great Spirit, mature innocence into holiness, simplicity into faith, emotion into abiding love, knowledge into wisdom and faith. Cause all the stages of life to lift me step by step to that yet far-off life where all these experiences are consummated into the fulness of deathless life.

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**Opposition remedial.**—O opposition, O enmity of the world, defiance to thee! Toss me, tear me, threaten to annihilate me, if you will; but deepen the roots of my being, strengthen, harden me, arm me like a giant for all fights.

**Sense of Law.**—I have a sense of the nicest adjustments of law in the inner life. I dimly believe the accuracy, the unfailing regularity, the

awful individuality, of spiritual nature. More faith, more self-surrender, more dependence and holiness, will make my obscure sight clearer and clearer unto the perfect day. Then by the spirit I will command nature, no, not its entire realm, but as much as concerns my destiny of establishing God's kingdom.

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**Mine is Victory.**— Mine is victory, for Providence fights for me. My trial is the trial of God's mercy and truth. If he wins, I win. I have tried all means. Now his right arm must carry me through, or the deep waters swallow me.

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**Sin is one.**— Anger, pride, fear, and cowardice, outwardly contrary, are inevitably linked together like the hot and cold stages of fever. All passions have an organic unity. Forsake all, or the least will overwhelm you.

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**Oneness.**— Only an infinitesimal atom, only a dewdrop, I am soon absorbed in the ocean of Humanity. Only one ray illumines me, only

one grain fills me to overflowing. Nothing is mine, absolutely nothing, everything thine, thyself everything in me, O Divine Humanity. I feel absorbed in thee, lost, almost annihilated, only I am conscious I am in thee. All sin, all separation, is dead; all flesh all world, is dead. Lord, I am one with thee. This is atonement, this is forgiveness, this is salvation.

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**The Rose and the Thorn.**—Some persons have, or want to have, all roses and no thorns. Alas! a great many find all thorns and no roses. Few only find roses without their thorns, and fewer still find thorns without their roses.

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**See and serve God.**—Is it possible, O awful Spirit, that I should be able to catch these supersensible influences of thy manifested presence, and so embody them in thought and word that men will behold thee without chance of mistake as I behold thee? Intensify thy self-revelation a thousand-fold within my heart, and transform every power in me into a ray of the

glorious light of thy face. All the great powers of thought and expression thou hast given me, now utilize in the service of mankind, that this great new religion thou hast revealed may find acceptance with all.

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**Honor and Insult.**—Insults and honors, like positive and negative electricity, keep up the unseen currents of my spiritual life. I have had enough of both. When they collide, I feel as if the shock were too much to bear. But every such shock clears the moral air within, which is tainted by too close self-seeing.

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**Moses and Christ.**—Along the ancient, deep-worn channels of Mosaic law, the currents of Jewish life were quietly gliding away straight and true, when out of the eternal sky there darted down the thunder-bolt of the Divine Word in the shape of the Son of Man. The two forces struck, crossed, collided. And out of the conflict there sprang forth the figure of the cross, a new humanity, a divine humanity, the spirit of Christ, the infinite progress of man.

**The Unseen.**—Despite all you say, God and immortality will remain unseen to most men. He who foregoes the seen for the unseen can only make the unseen seeable. Mortal life is seen, the immortal is unseen: man is seen, God is unseen. O teacher, teach men by sacrifice of the seen to see the unseen world.

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**Creeds.**—How fatal is the tendency to confound men with their creeds! Judge men as they *are*, not as they *believe*. But there are false as well as true creeds. The test of the true creed is that it is the simplest and commonest, and yet with your utmost progress you can never grow up to it. The test of the false creed is that, in spite of all your bigotry, you have unconsciously outgrown it. The men that are as bad as their cruel creed are indeed very bad. Happily, most men are better than their beliefs.

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**The Daily Hope.**—Strange, whenever in communion, my spirit by some hidden impulse waits for an unknown message, a new delicacy, a gift,

or joy. This is so every morning. Why, from whom, whence, is this ceaseless expectation? From man? Nay, from home, from heaven, from the immortals. Thus my hope is warmed and renewed from day to day.

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**Exacting.**—The holiness of God is most exacting. Scruples and restraints clog you at every step. The laws and restraints of the world cease to fetter you. It is true, you are a law unto yourself. But other and more serious restraints are soon imposed. The need of self-sacrifice even in the holiest life is never outgrown.

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**Test of Inspiration.**—The true test of inspiration is the *power to inspire*. The utterances, wherever they be found, that can fill men with the breath of God are inspired. All inspired utterances are eternal: neither time nor change nor progress can overtake them. The lives and examples of men that can inspire others to sacrifice, endurance, aspiration, prayer, godliness, had and have the gift of inspiration in them.



Some of the best and holiest of God's sons had little or no inspiration. Some men of inferior character and discipline were undoubtedly inspired. David was inspired, Job was not, at least not in the same sense. The ways of the Spirit are mysterious. "The wind bloweth where it listeth."

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**Timidity.**—A traveller, a semi-Europeanized Hindu, a speaker to many audiences in many lands, how is it I cannot shake off this girlish shyness and timidity? I am never at my easiest or best before any one. From a railway plate-layer to the Viceroy of India, I have spoken to every one, and I always felt I was more or less making a fool of myself. I am only at home when alone before my God. I cannot think of more than half a dozen people with whom I should be easy. Say, why is this?

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**Duty and Devotion.**—Active work measures spirituality. But why should the profoundest communion find duty intrusive? Duty has no time for contemplation. My soul, O God, loses

its unity in mixing with circumstance. Even working for thy glory alone, the contact of men taints me. The taint is not without, it is all within. Circumstance, when not avoided, finds it out.

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**Ideal and Detail.**—“Love, knowledge, power, — the three make life,” so says Amiel. Commonplace enough. Why does he not say how often power and knowledge have to be renounced to get love, how often the bitter, bitter sacrifice of love has to be made to gain power? Every lofty virtue implies the difficulty of utter self-humiliation. How easy the synthesis of ideal! how mournful and endless the details of character! The annihilation of Nirvana first, then its peace. Crush me in the wheel of thy law first, and then remake, refill, and restore me with thyself. Thy will is my law.

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**Life and its Necessaries.**—The battle has come to close quarters now. It is a fight between life and God. Life and all its necessities are to be surrendered, or the Spirit says he will take away

from thee the privilege of his communion and his service. The comforts and necessities of life shall be exactly as he chooseth to give, no more. Every point of thy self-reservation will have to be surrendered to him. Nothing, O Lord, can decide this battle but absolute, all-absorbing love to thee. Behold, life, death, eternity, depend upon thy love. Teach thy children to love thee.

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**God's Work in Me.**—No, my life has not been wasted, though till now I cannot be said to be a successful man. What have I founded, what have I established, what have I completed, who or what will stand as my memorial when I am gone? There is a throb of something like despair when I think thus. But in these degenerate times it is a great thing to have found the Spirit of God, to have loved him, served him, to have been fed, kept, and preserved by him all my life. To his fatherly providence, taking care of my least want, bodily or spiritual, I bear testimony. I have known no support, no friend, no teacher, but him. Those who have at times taught me or been friendly to me have done so

*only* because I have stood in his way. What, oh, what would have happened to me if God had not called me and kept me? Look at all my blood-relations, and answer this question. The Spirit of the Holy One has founded in me at least one character on the basis of this New Dispensation to the age. Now let me by his grace establish myself firmly forever as his appointed servant. Let me complete my love and trust in him. Let me cast myself away upon his providence, work and worship, try to do better than all I have hitherto done. I know not what the end will be; but I know my humble life will remain as a memorial to the fact that even in times such as these the All-merciful can save and exalt the basest of sinners. Praise his name!

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**Faith at First-hand.**—Yes, you are happy in your second-hand faith. I am not so happy, because the stage of second-hand life is long past. Every truth taken on trust has to be reattained, fought for, bled for, before it is mine truly. No proxy, no substitute, no hearsay: the cross has to be ascended again, the price of life is death,

nothing cheaper. God is to be won by the old, old fight, heaven to be reached by the old, old path. You must walk all the way alone, and sink at the foot of the altar. Then glory!

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**Why Men fail.**—That men fail so often, succeed so seldom, is not strange, when you find they are all bent upon trying for what they *cannot get*, and will never try for what they can. The blessing of success is for those who know their destiny, and bend every effort to that, to naught else. There is no such thing as failure to the truly illumined.

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**Heaven.**—Now suppose your ill-considered prayer for admission into heaven were granted. Do you think you would feel at home there, with your present thoughts, wishes, imaginations? What fulfilment, what joy, would heaven be to you? How would the glory of the heavenly hosts suit you? What will they say when they look at these unsightly rags you call your righteousness, mark the distractions of your communion, and measure the extravagances of your self-love?

O my poor soul, only because the world is tiresome, and its worries perplexing, do you wish to escape to heaven. First have more character than the world's purity, more love than is offered in the world's market, higher, truer aspiration than the world can satisfy: first think of outgrowing the world, then think of being admitted into heaven. As you now are, heaven would be no home, no element, to you. Thou art very well where thou art. Thou wilt be a greater stranger there than here.

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**The Cross.**—The heaviest cross is light, if borne in meekness and trust: the lightest cross crushes one, if the heart is heavy and sore with pride. Sufferings must come, it is the course of nature; but they do not necessarily cause misery. Pride is the cause of more than half our misery. Blessed are the meek!

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**Destined Duty.**—Now it repeatedly flashes in my heart that the prayers of the humblest and truest of God's children are answered through unflinching faithfulness to destined duty. The gift of God is indeed supernatural, no one can

tell its how and wherefore; but the law of fidelity to one's calling is inviolable and inexorable. There is no such thing as taking advantage of God's mercy. "Sell all thou hast, and follow me."

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**Wisdom.**—From what is now taking place in heaven and earth the scientific man knows what took place in the past, how this great creation came to be. From what I have seen of religious life I can say how religion came to be, and religious men grew to be what they were. Moses and Christ, Buddha, Chaitanya, will unfold the secrets of their spiritual achievements if you devote yourself, absolutely, wholly, to the Spirit, and understand his dealings with you. That is the first condition of all wisdom.

**Fear of Death.**—I tell you again, my son, that the dread and anxiety which men create for themselves is the worst part of death. The whole thing takes another aspect the moment your fear and care disappear. But the only escape from self-created dread is the conscious-

ness that 'God loves and cares for you. This consciousness it is impossible to create. It is the highest reward of faith, pure-mindedness, and devoted service. It is a free gift from the Father: it is grace. The children of grace alone have conquered death.

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**The Preacher.**—I am a high priest, I am an anointed preacher. Time is my witness, mankind my congregation, the world is my pulpit, unborn generations now silent will listen to me, and praise God. Yet how vile and poor I am!

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**Knowledge and Faith.**—I fear to hope for effects without causes, and this is always a stumbling-block in the path of faith. Yet, if I know the causes and wait for effects, what is the use of faith? It becomes the natural law of reason. Indeed, nothing is without law, and nothing without cause. But what know I of the depth or extent of causes as they lie buried in the bosom of God? My soul longs to put its trust in thee, unknowing, not judging, but in simple hope and love. I look up to thee for



everything. Do with me as thou wouldst: only this I know, whatever thou dost is the very best that can happen to me.

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**Absorption.**—Undoubtedly, the highest state of life is absorption. Caught up, changed, entranced in an overpowering sense of holiness, or of the light of wisdom, or of the all-filling presence and love of God, or of absolute self-surrender to his will, yes, devoured by an irresistible sympathy for the endless woe of mankind, working ceaselessly for their good, life in God is indeed an absorption.

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**Gracious to Me.**—When I say God has been most gracious to me, men will smile, and call it affectation. For they will say: “Has he not been deprived of place and influence, who listens to him, who cares for him? He is like one crying in the streets, an unsuccessful, unfortunate man!” But my critics do not discern the glory of being permitted to love the blessed, holy God. Who can deprive me of that? They do not know the royalty of feeling one’s self God’s

beloved, his son, servant. No worldly success, no high place here, will find me nearer to my Father's bosom than this solitude and desertion. What do I lack when with thee?

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**Devoted.**— Devoted to thee, my God, devoted unto death,— only give me the spirit to be that. I know not the way, nor have the means and strength to bear life's sore burden. Tired like a child, I look up to thee. I beg that my self-consecration may never fail, and my faith in thy help may never become languid.

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**Energy.**— You foolishly expect success without putting forth force, look for results without causes. Energy and work alone conquer. They create friends, they create enemies: no result is possible without friends and enemies.

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**Christ.**— Strength was natural to thee, O Son of God, as to the young lion,— strength to suffer and to act. Thy words were as mighty

as thy silence. I trust in thee to bear me in thy strong arms, as the shepherd bears his weakling lamb. Cover me in thy garment of protecting faith, and change thou me into thy very self.

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**Ignorance.**—Causes and effects! What do you know what causes are being set in motion around you. Have you felt the pulses of Providence, known the tendencies of ocean currents, watched the rise and fall of night-dews, understood the atmospheric wonders, mastered the arcana of natural forces? Have faith in the deep purposes of God. Yield your will and energy to that mysterious guidance: there is no limit to possibilities.

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**Dead and Gone.**—I have been dead and buried, not recently, but these nineteen hundred years. I have long forgotten what men said or did against me. I remember only the precious benefit of their opposition. Far beyond the reach of any harm they can do, far beyond the effect of any flattery and praise, reconciled with the dealings of God through every agency

and event, I have nothing to leave to the world but blessing and peace. Do well or ill, speak good or bad, you have to count with the mighty and just God. I came to learn, came to love, not to judge. Helping and hurting, you all but push me farther towards my goal. Peace be with you !

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**One Secret.**—Life has but *one* secret. Every man, be he ever so great, can do but *one* thing well. He who has found that for himself, spent his whole life in doing it, possesses the golden key: the heavenly kingdom is henceforth for him.

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**Unborn.**—I am an unborn babe. The womb of Eternity bears me. My birth is not to be here, but in a holier elsewhere. The heat and cold here affect me only to help my growth. Unconscious and unresponsive to aught but the impulses of the Being who bears me; feeding, moving, resting in the Mother,—no one is an offence unto me: why should I be an offence unto any one? If any hate me, wish my death, want to kill me, I know them not, do not recog-

nize them : they have to do with the Author of my life. If any love me, rejoice in me, I have not the power to reward them. In the depths of God I pray for them. O friends of the poor, my good Parent will not let ye go unrecompensed.

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**From God to Nature.**—“From nature up to nature’s God?” Nay, nature is full of grand stepping-stones, marble stairs to the Great White Throne. But go up, and you will find fearful, unbridged chasms which look down upon the black bottoms of doubt and half-belief. Nature’s laws lead to distracting confusions, nature’s facts to perplexed unreason which leads nowhere. From nature’s God to nature is my motto. Self-revealed God-life is embodied in the universe, tending through the infinite ages to realize perfection, making the lower higher, the higher highest, pointing to the far eternal here and hereafter. Natural theology is an excellent, profitable study; but it never kindles belief into vision, nor turns aspiration to accomplishment. Through revelation to nature is the process, and then nature also leads up to revelation.

**The Danger of Faith.**—The danger of the degeneracy of true faith is twofold. It either attenuates into practical scepticism or turns itself into coarse, worldly expectation. The problem before the man of faith is to keep his trust absolute and all-pervading, yet at the same time most supersensible, refined, and spiritual.

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**Worldly Need.**—I depend upon the providence of my Father for the smallest and most trifling worldly want, because to me earthly life and heavenly life have become identical. But my soul dies within me when I try to make that providence subservient to worldly ends. To live on the earth and do *every* duty here, but like a being of *another* world, is the great object of my life.

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**Matter and Spirit.**—I have the vision which completes in one whole the revelations of the outer universe with the glories of divine humanity. I behold the Infinite One holding the one creation in one hand, the other creation in the other, while the light of his august face illumines

both, and shows me my relations to each. My poor, miserable self has shrunk away, I am the son of God, the inheritor of unity and infinity. The laws and methods of one world supplement the laws and methods of the other. The spirit of the one is reflected in the other, and in my heart both make a marvellous harmony. The least and the vilest of mankind God exalts, not only to behold, but to comprehend, his nameless purposes. Oh that I had the utterance and power of prophets to declare him !

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**The Guardianship.**—Always troubled and perplexed, always needing thee, Father, clear thou daily the sense of thy marvellous guardianship. Cause it to be an unexpected comfort every time I look up to thee.

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**All-seeing, In-seeing.**—It is a fact in spiritual optics that those who see very large objects find small things dark, and those who discern small things cannot see large ones. Those who have a good view of heavenly realities can

often find no path in worldly perplexity. The more they exercise their minds, the less they see. But, if you do not think about the world at all, only always of heaven, you suddenly find strange gleams of light flashed below. Earthly perplexities are solved by the reflex of light in God. In heavenly light all other light is included. Those who know God and man know everything.

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**Miracles.**—Belief in miracles does not indeed essentially make religion. But there is no essential religion without miracles, because miracle means the unexpected, the unlooked for; and your spiritual life is nothing if it does not bring about the impossible. Only the sense of the impossible must come before it begins to be possible.

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**The Double Anchor.**—You say your life's tempest upsets the spirit? Yea, my soul has cast a double anchor in the sea. I am securely fastened to the depths of God on the one hand and to the depths of inspired humanity on the other. God is my first anchor, his Son is the



other anchor. The love, faith, undoubted relationship, I bear to both form the iron cable, unbreakable, everlasting. If I am about to drag the one, the other keeps me. I am steady, immovable, I am safely anchored. Nothing can take me away from this safe harbor!

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**Illusions.**—Now there is no doubt that universal illusions prevail. These illusions are not man-made, but God-appointed. You find them in the world outside, you find them in the life within. Take examples. The blue heavens obviously so real and solid are illusory. They are made of utter void and nothingness. The only thing there is the atmosphere, and that is impalpable. The limiting line of the horizon is an illusion. There is an endless region beyond. The past, present, and future are illusory: north, south, east, and west are illusory. Time and space are mere conditions of thought: what else are they? The wonderful mechanism of the sensations is strangely illusory. What we think we see, hear, feel, is all within ourselves. What know we of the realities outside, *as they are?*

Joy, sorrow, fear, pride, attachment, anger, are mysterious shadows passing over the spirit-firmament: now they are, in a moment they are gone, and do not leave a speck behind. The strangest of all illusions is death. A gloomy appearance, a veritable ghost, before which the world cowers down in abject terror! But it is nothing. Like the shrouding darkness of the night, like the limiting line of the unsubstantial sky, like the deafening report of the thunder-cloud, death is mere nothingness. Beyond it is limitless life. The boundaries of death have been laid bare to me,—I have heard the footfalls of immortal beings, I have penetrated for a moment beyond the veil, I have got far glimpses into eternity, I am filled with a kind of fear,—fear not unmixed with a mysterious joy. The illusions spoken of make up what we call earthly life, which is a poor fragment of life as a whole. These illusions contain in their transparent shells marvellous realities. Eternity lies hid in the womb of time. Time is unreal: eternity is real. Every illusion yields its secret to the seer of God. But he keepeth asleep the millions, so that their eyes are sealed: they see nothing! “O great awak-

ener, rouse thy creature from his fatal slumbers." Thus I pray. The response is: "I send my sons to awaken the creation. The brother faithfully arouses the brother. Go, point out the illusions and the realities." I cannot say all I feel. It is well-nigh unutterable. The purposes of God I behold. How shall I carry them out?

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**The Power of Union.**—The faith grows in me that, if but a single man and woman join themselves together in the bonds of true, holy, eternal love, they will make the land move and tremble. Remember all mankind are said to have sprung from a single couple. O households, neighborhoods, congregations, and peoples, in the name of the one God, unite.

**The Sexes.**—The deepest and most subtle adjustments prevail in the relations of the sexes both in body and mind. Thousands of the nicest chords and springs make up the double mechanism of human nature. By voice, by look, by gesture, by attitude, by thought, character, woman and man, consciously or unconsciously,

call each other. A most mysterious, inviolable attraction draws each to each. This is the basis of everything, both good and evil. Nothing carnal, nor intellectual, nor social, nor sentimental, can overcome this attraction and direct it to right ends. Only the highest moral and spiritual forces can do this. He who has purified the attractions of the sexes, and is known to use them in upbuilding holy, heavenly humanity, has solved the problem of life. I dread and avoid woman, not out of hatred, but out of awe felt for her, and a sense of unfitness in myself. I honor and almost adore her, out of gratitude for all I owe to her. My mother, nurse, sister, care-taker, my best friend, companion, supporter, disciple and sympathizer, O woman, may God ever bless thee and prosper thee!

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**Reaction.**—The intensest and most exquisite religious feelings must have a reaction when nature asserts itself in all its latent grossness. Nothing is so ugly or disagreeable as the reaction in the devotee's mind; and the worst of it is that he is apt to take it as a part of his relig-

ion. Hard self-sacrifice and strict moral principle must therefore alternate with devotions. But nothing is so common in your superfine sentimentalist as to fancy that he is above all self-control.

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**Faith Practical.**—I will never believe in any faith that does not bear the credential of practicability. Tell me what your faith has achieved, what riddle of life has it solved, whom, what, how far has it conquered? Where and on what point has it embodied the inner into the outer? Until your positive achievement credits your faith, you are building castles in the air.

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**God's Reality.**—I wrote thy mysterious name on the restless waters of feeling. I wrote, and I forgot. In the waste ocean, O Lord, I felt fearfully alone. The sense of thy spirit was all but gone. Now suddenly thou touchest mine eye with faith (I know not how else to call it), thou touchest mine eye, and the writing on the water stands out in characters of living fire. Lord, everything about thee I ever thought, ever

imagined, is true. Thou art more true than I ever thought. Thy strength, personality, thy wisdom, thy infinite perfection, thy love, holiness, and marvellous peace,—all, all real,—I am almost beside myself when I am thus before thee. Keep thou my sanity and soberness before men. But, if a deeper vision and more absorbing reality force any unusualness on me, hide thou my shame.

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**Strength.**—Rest assured obstinacy is not strength. Wilfulness is the cheapest attribute of the scoundrel. Weakness and wilfulness almost always go together. But the power of will in a righteous cause is the consecrated sword which the Lord puts in the hand of his angels. Love is strong, holiness is strong, wisdom is strong.

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**Realize the Past.**—What canst thou say more of God than all the Scriptures and prophets have said? What fresh reality about him canst thou find out? Realize all that the past has put into thy hands. Thus not only does the old become new, but the world of originality is

opened to the searcher. Revelation alone leads to revelation, reason and sentiment scarcely ever. If God hath revealed himself to thee, thou hast already all that thou didst need. Like the children of the spirit, make use of thy inheritance. This is the new Jerusalem.

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**Festival of the Universe.**—What is it to me that the universe holds its high festival, if I cease to take part in the celebration? O my most beloved Deity, I would worship thee forever and ever. What is it to me that the fair races of men and women who come afterwards would sing and serve, pray and praise, as we never knew? My God, this soul of mine longeth to glorify thee with all the great future. Those wonderful heavens will continue to burn around thee then as now with their calm, eternal lights, the suns will carry the universal message of light and brightness, the mountains will bear aloft their banners of snow, the roses will always bloom, nothing dies, nothing dies. Perpetual life is thy gift to thy creation. God, I alone cannot be singled out for death. I, who am thy son, thy

servant, thy priest in nature's immortal shrine. Nay, are not the great heavens, the suns, the snows, the beauties, harmonies, I behold,—are they not in me? My spirit, a ceaseless pilgrim, roams over all the universe in thy search. What height is hidden, what depth debarred from my faithful love? When I am in everything, everything is in me, and withal thou art my abode, my rest, my life, there is no death. I have already inherited immortality.

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**One Virtue.**—One truly divine virtue in a man is enough. The maturity of one great power is far better than the immaturity of many.

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**Activity.**—Self-forgetful activity in doing thy appointed work is a great refuge amidst the cross-winds of worldly life. But beware of mischievous activity. Work at the right moment, on the right line, for action misdirected is the cause of galling bondage.

Rather be idle than do wrong; but, when it is time to act, let not death itself deter thee.



Every man must die. Blessed he who dies at his post trying to serve the Lord ; and he is un-blessed who lives a hundred years seeking his own ease. The surest way to enjoy life is not to fear death in what must be done, but to try to do it well and thoroughly.

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**Running Adrift.**—Running adrift ! Broken loose from every anchor of sect or party, every cable of worldly interest parted ; disowned, dis-trusted, forgotten, Lord, my bark has been launched into the deep waters. Every man's hand against me, thou alone art my pilot, chart, and compass. Let thy hand guide me to harbor. I confess to thee every community is dear to my heart, in every party I find some point whereto I am drawn. I love the Mohammedan, I love the Christian more, I love the Hindu still more ; but dearest of all is the Brahmo Somaj. I love and respect the Adi Somaj ; the Sadharan Somaj I love, respect, and pray for ; but dearest to my soul is the little community of the New Dis-pensation. Because I love the Mohammedan and the Christian, I am hated by the Hindu ;

because the Hindu is so beloved and honored, I am distrusted by the Christian; because I love the Adi and Sadharan, the apostle of the New Dispensation hates and persecutes me; because my honor and faith in the New Dispensation is so genuine, the Brahmo-Somaj at large distrusts and disowns me. So I have come to belong to nobody, though everybody is mine. But I belong to thee, as thou belongest to me. I am drifting away in the stormy sea of life, the winds and the currents take me to the unknown. Lord, by thy breath still the waters, and take me home.

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**Every Man Original.**—Every man is a new wonder. In so much as he is simple, sincere, aspiring, true, he is wonderful. Every man's path to God is new. It can be pioneered by the spirit of God alone. Its unforeseen, unexampled labors can be lightened by thee only, O thou sharer of life's burdens. My son, never make light of thy brother's difficulties, whatever they are. Have compassion, have kindness, take off one fagot, if thou canst, from the burning pyre of life,—that is all we can do to

each other. Long and tiresome, lone and friendless, is the way to God. Give me, give me, O my son, one cup of cold water, and may God's blessing rest with thee !

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**Never Despair.**—Brother, the broken harp shall yet give out some strains of celestial music, the broken urn shall yet be filled with some sweet incense, the broken sword shall yet win some battles. Never despair of the tools or the times that are given thee from above. Be strong, be faithful, fearless. Thou wouldst conquer armies with the jaw-bone of an ass.

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**Saints.**—Saints generally are of two great orders,—the actors and the sufferers. They show us the example of patient and forgiving endurance. A few, very few, combine the powers of action and suffering alike. Those who do are the true regenerators of the race. Matthew Arnold somewhere describes saints as those whose purposes in life are fulfilled. Christ, when he died, had not his purposes fulfilled. The definition is pretty, but goes only a small

way. A saint, I define, is he who, acting or suffering, has made his peace with God and man. Quiet in inquietude, calm and silent in the rising tides of death, untroubled, undefeated, blessed and blessing, behold the perfect repose of the saint in "God our home"!

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**Devotional Dance.**—Like a quivering leaf in the sunshine at dawn my soul dances joyfully in the Lord's presence. When no one was near, I danced and sang on the hillside. The shadow was deep, the light was bright, the infant breezes of the morning were about, the fountain flowed, we made a joyous congregation. It made me holy.

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**Accidents.**—Do not believe in accidents. Of course, anything can take place any day. There is no absolute certainty to life or property or happiness. But nothing, not the least thing, is possible without the intervention of some law, some intelligent motive, whether we see it or not. Yet, law does not always mean a mere form or force of the intellect. Quite as often it

means an impulse of love which the unloving may not understand. It may mean the execution of justice, a discipline of moral life, a necessary retribution which keeps things in order. So far, however, as we see, love and intelligence and justice and truth run into each other so inextricably that in everything that happens all three abide in equal proportion, only we do not see till very late.

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**Ecstasy.**—Ecstasy is the material, life is the machine to work it into fact and fabric. He who works without occasional ecstasy is a Philistine. He who does not work out his ecstasy in practical life is a visionary and a fool.

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**An Accident.**—A fearful accident took place last week. The railway station-master at Kur-seong fell off a trolley which he drove furiously. His shin-bone was completely broken, there was terrific bleeding: the poor fellow, an only son of aged parents, was totally disabled. A powerful impulse of pity seizes me, I feel identification with him, and I am obliged to pray and cry on

his behalf repeatedly. This identification with suffering, I feel, can be intenser, more complete, and it involves unknown possibilities of the miracle of cure. I feel Christ must have realized the perfect identification of love with every form of human suffering. On the other hand, he must have realized the complete identification of personality with the Almighty. When in this absorption of double sympathy he prayed, the inscrutable power of the Spirit gave him what he asked for. Any one, I perceive, who will make the same prayer, will be able to work the same miracle. I am confident this poor station-master will be cured. He is already progressing favorably. Yes, he is cured. He loves me, and is obedient.

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**The Bread of Faith.**—Cut off from all worldly resources, with no man to befriend thee, every door of advancement closed, how dost thou purpose to meet thy necessities, O my soul? In great isolation and helpless, I have sometimes looked into the laws of spirit. When my soul was calm, when my hands were active, when devotions and obedient service kept up the balance

of nature, the whisper repeatedly came that to faithful, unselfish men the spirit supplies all bodily wants. I discern, but cannot describe, that there are laws which deeply link, nay, all but identify, spirit and matter. The spiritual passes into the material, and masters it. But it is so hard to have *perfect faith* and *self-renunciation*, without which this miracle is impossible, that the half-seen laws cannot be put forth as realities for all men. It remains true, however, that "man does not live by bread alone," and he who is not covetous, but has faith, has his "daily bread" given him.

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**Make me free.**—Half of my life is gone in binding myself to the world, though even then the bonds are so very loose; and now the other half goes in trying to unbind what I bound before. Lord, let me free!

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**The Comical and the Serious.**—You laugh at my defeat, my humiliation, ill-success, worthlessness? I heartily join you in the laughter. Such is the end of all self-importance. But, brother, there is a serious side to it also. When the

sense of self is changed by suffering into the sense of universal self, and humanity absorbed in God, then the problem of existence is solved anew. And I, poor, contemptible, ridiculous creature,—I am passing daily through the stages of that solution.

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**The Man of God.**—I have found the man who has found God. Oh, I do not know how to love and honor such a man sufficiently. In my lifetime I have found more than one such man. My life, therefore, has not been vain. Next to finding my God myself, the highest blessing is really to find the man who has found God.

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**The vilest of All.**—There is no man, nor woman, nor child, nor saint, nor sinner, who is not better than myself. I am vileness and impotence personified. O goodness, O greatness of God, thou dwellest in every one, and dost humble me before all. If thou dwellest in me also, that is not I: it is thou, O thou infinite excellence, contained in a vessel of uncleanness and dishonor. Teach me to know myself from



thee, both in me and in all creatures. Teach me to honor thee in my nature, and in that of all else. Save me forever from the curse of secret vanity.

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**Different Gifts.**—Tenderness of sentiment is not the all-in-all of religious life. This fatal mistake generally distinguishes the religious exercises of the Brahmo Somaj. There is lofty, rugged holiness, deep, pure wisdom, thrilling mystic faith, clear, prophet-eyed insight, fiery, all-consuming enthusiasm, and also the absorption of ceaseless work for others' good. A soul not at home in these several elements has not found its true, spiritual abode. Tenderness and sweetness without strength and sternness is bodily flesh without backbone.

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**Jesus.**—Blessed above all mortals, O Jesus, to contemplate thee. To kiss the foot of the cross on which thou didst suffer, to call thee blessed, is the cure of the many curses which fall on my devoted head day after day. What strange healing is there in thy thought, in shar-

ing thy shame, in testifying to thy truth amid the enviring vanities of the world! O brother, O crown of humanity, I will put thee on; and, if but a tithe of the peace which filled thy soul descends upon this afflicted heart, I could endure all. Pray and intercede in the bosom of the Father for those who have put their faith in thee, that, through thy resurrection, we, too, may rise to the mansions where thou sittest at the right hand of God.

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**Imprisonment and Freedom.**—The characteristics of race, the limitations of heredity, the idiosyncrasies of personal character, none, not even the holiest saint, may shake off completely. Within a sevenfold imprisonment sits the free-born spirit, God's begotten son. Circumstances ever multiply to enchain him all the more. But his birthright lies in this: that often and often he breaks through all his prison walls, and wings his way into the joyful expanse of the Infinite. Yet he must return as often into his lowly cell. How he disports himself there in the temporary meanness of his surroundings shall determine his true place in the eternal abode. Earth is

the true measure of heaven. O soul, subjugate thyself, try to keep the level of thy inspiration; nay, mount higher and higher, even if it be by inches, but mount daily in thy ordinary life. Then the flights to which thou art occasionally taken up will some day be thy everlasting condition.

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**One Great Gift.**—Excel at least in *one spiritual reality*: it matters not if in other things thou be only second best. God gives to each of his creatures one peculiar, unmatched excellence. The sweetest singing bird knows only one song, the sweetest wild flower has only one fragrance, each star has one glory, and each man has one gospel.

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**Carnal and Spiritual.**—The carnal victim bleeds for the Son of God to arise out of it, but the Son of God bleeds that divine humanity may arise out of him. Regeneration, both personal and universal, comes out of the blood of the Lamb in yourself. You are the lamb, you are the son of God, you are the son of man. Only learn to be yourself. If you suffer for your sins,

your sins are certainly purged thereby. But, if you suffer for your righteousness, you rise to the fellowship of Christ and the Holy Spirit. I have seen some righteous men, but I have seen scarcely any righteous man who consented to his own death for righteousness' sake. Keshub, thou wert such a man. Glory be to thy memory!

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**Ambition.**—Yes, humblest and most friendless, poor beyond speaking, but full of ardor, strength, energy, strenuous in hope and faith, active, ever active, such is my ambition of life. Heavily burdened, but all enduring, hated by all, but full of universal love,—working with the Spirit almighty for my own emancipation and that of all men.

A king in the conquest of my passions, a slave and a prisoner of the Lord in limiting my desires, in going through my labors, a child, the veriest child, in cheerfulness and innocence, a woman in the tenderness and forgiveness of my heart, such is the ambition of my life. Fearless, like the lion at the sounds of the forest at midnight, unchained and free like the

wind, untainted like the lily by the foul waters of the world, I grow unto God, I grow unto my God!

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**Spirit and Matter.**—Divinity divides himself before me in two infinite hemispheres. One is Sakara (corporeal), and the other is Nirakara (spiritual). Thou reignest in thy splendor in every atom of the universe. Yet, O Lord, thou art not matter, but the reverse of it. If I had a thousand eyes, I could not contain thy glory in this marvellous creation. Yet the invisible Spirit is the soul and meaning of everything I see. By an easy, unconscious transition I pass from the visible to the invisible. I live in the Spirit: the Spirit is my home. O Spirit, give me the strength to conquer all matter through thee!

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**Providence.**—He made thee climb the high tree; and now thinkest thou he will take away the ladder from underneath thy feet? There is food enough for the ant in winter if it will go about in search. There is abundant supply for the bee if it is busy. Bird, beast, fish, all have

provision: only thou, O soul, whom the Lord hath exalted, art anxious about the morrow. Cease to belong to thyself: the Lord will provide. Strange forces, hidden laws, are at work around thee. Throw thyself headlong into the mysteries of divine will. All will come right in the end.

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**Faithful to the Last.**—Ah! this faithfulness unto death is a dreadful vow to take. Yet one has something to do with life: he must decide its ultimate disposal. He must choose to die for something. Even too much ease must kill. Too great regard to save life miserably defeats its own end, and I have seen a very good man wait for death as the sufferer at midnight waits for the morning. Therefore, in calmness and wisdom, I have determined to serve the Lord unto death. Neither enmity nor pride nor fatigue nor failing health need deter me. Poverty is my inseparable companion, disease my permanent guest, and friendlessness my fellow-pilgrim. One thing I have prayed for constantly, that I may day after day keep pure and undefiled in the sight of the Lord. The only fear of death is the

fear of sin. Save, O Lord, save from what is impure, and let me die as thy worthy and acceptable sacrifice.

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**Economy.**—Economize thy powers, reserve thy failing means, spend thyself to the uttermost advantage. The man who lives to save his life is a pitiful miser who has forgotten the end in the means. The man who wastes his powers on unworthy ends is a spendthrift who will some day rue his indiscretion.

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**Prayer against Reaction.**—Lord, I am tired, I can no more fight, no more struggle. I sink into sleep on the cold dust of thy way. Behold, my own nature is armed against me, and is the last and cruelest enemy. What can I do now but call upon thee to help me? Turn thou this repeated rebellion of the powers within me into a submission to thy will: thou only canst still this storm. Make my own nature my friend: this is not too much to ask. Keep me steady in the moment of reaction. Even the strain of serving thee becomes too much at times.

**The Seeming God.**—In pouring thyself out into the creation, O Lord, thou takest to thyself in our eyes a profound seeming which the deepest faith and insight only can penetrate. Thou art not what men think thee: only those spirits whom thou in thy grace drawest into the interior being behold somewhat as thou art in thyself. But, even in our low state, every earnest thought about thee is uplifting and sanctifying. Yet teach us always to remember that thy perfections, delightful as they now are, will give us infinitely greater delight as we behold them, ourselves growing in greater fulness.

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**Aspiration.**—O infinite, self-contained, self-controlled, self-revealing, Almighty God, thou dost in thy great love suit thyself to our wants and faculties as thou hast made them. Every age, every land, every nation, has found thee, adored thee, but none alike. Thyself unchangeable, humanity perpetually changes to have fuller vision, deeper communion with thee. Regenerate our race and land to find thee in greater fulness, in greater height, in greater depth. Reveal thyself unto



us in the greater harmony of thy being and attributes. Let the world grow toward thee, let mankind deepen in thee. Elevate character and aspiration; and once more be thou our life, our salvation. our reward.

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**Self-transformed.**—How long can a man fight with his nature or struggle against circumstance? It is too much for him: it is an unequal battle. Some One who is above nature must fight and conquer for him, and put nature under his control. Until nature and circumstance favor a man, he cannot accomplish much. Do your utmost in conquering thyself: it will at the very best be an uncertain victory. Submit to the ordinances of the Spirit, take up the cross, live the life of Christ, and this thine old enemy, thy own self, will bring the triumph for which thou hast fought in vain.

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**Against Self.**—With all my crosses, my burdens, cares, and weariness, I fling myself at thy feet. Are not my sorrows too many for my utterance? Lift thou me to thy bosom, and cure me of all self-consciousness. Myself the

source of all fear and mistrust, the heaviest weariness my own self, I pray let thy spirit, thyself, fill me entirely. Deliver me from the evil of consciousness, and drown me in the joy and strength of thy all-filling presence. Let thy warmth inflame my breath and blood, let the glory of thy light shine in my soul, yea, in thee let me become divine wholly. Nothing, nothing short of this, will save this worm, O Father. Sometimes, at rare moments, I become this. Why not always? \_\_\_\_\_

**A Response.**—My son, what ghastly figures are these thou conjurest up before thine eye night and morning? Thou makest thine own devils, and then askest me to deliver thee from their power! Despondency, fear, mistrust, death, defeat, are not for thee. Whence dost thou call them up? Be unanxious, unafraid, trustful. Know I am thy Father, and have taken all thy burdens upon myself, and in an instant thy whole horizon shall change. Thinkest thou I lack in love or in power? I am strong enough to defend those who have cast themselves upon me. Yea, all thy prayers, I declare, shall be ful-

filled, but not according to thy inclinations. Kingdom and power are mine; I repay. Yield, submit, but rejoice, and be exceedingly hopeful.

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**Endeavor and Destiny.**—In order to be good for anything, have some clear idea of what thou canst and canst not do. In the line of God, given capability, never fear to cherish and press for the loftiest achievement. If prayer is worth your while to make, pray for what is beyond thy endeavors, but within thy destiny. The grace of God, of which prayer is the law, reconciles endeavor with destiny.

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**Low, yet Lofty.**—I am so low, I can adapt myself to every depth of littleness. All the children of God — nay, all my enemies — are higher head and shoulders than myself. Therefore, when they shoot at me, their darts fly over my head, and do not touch me. Who knows that my meanness and weakness are my strength? The lowly grass no storm can uproot. But lowliness is not opposed to loftiness. I am there where the inducements of passion, pride, and

pleasure are infinitely beneath me. The dust-storm can rise; but can it touch the Himalaya's summit? I am perpetually rising and falling between my double ideal. Oh, when will the day come when I am forever above and below all things of the earth?

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**Present and Future.**—A prickly, sickly, unsightly worm, now I crawl at the bottom of the spirit world. Who knows when and into what beauteous form of butterfly I will open? from what ambrosial flowers I will drink in my Beloved's paradise? I am only a little, mottled, speckled egg laid in the nest of the Holy Spirit. Who knows how, when, and into what glorious plumage I will burst, into what wondrous song of celestial harmony? Like a grain of mustard seed, I roll in the dust unheeded. Let me lie here. O dews of heaven, nurse me. Nurse me, O storm and thunder-shower. My heart will break, and then grow, grow, and grow till my roots and arms search the earth and air far and deep, till I become the monarch of the forest. I am a spirit. My name is NOT-YET. You have not seen the end of me.

**The Three Leaders.**—Raja Ram Mohan Roy was a man of accomplishments, Devendra Nath a man of impulses, Keshub was a man of ideals. Accomplishments are outgrown, impulses become feeble and inoperative; but ideals, if you are faithful to them, are immortal.

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**Unformed.**—It is certain I am not yet fully created. I am only a foetus, fluent, half-formed. How can I, with what reason, complain, I have no position? I have yet to get my birth, my name, my place. Circumstance is to act as midwife to bring me to being.

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**Insight and Communion.**—There are two outlets to escape from this weary self-consciousness. The one is without, the other within thee. The seen universe spiritualized makes an eternal expanse in which the self is soon lost. The unseen world, disclosed by intense insight, soon takes a man far away from all his cares and fears to land him on the shores of pure Being. Be familiar with both these ways. Communion

with humanity may be called a third way. This means self-forgetfulness in other men's joys and sorrows. The great fulness and progress of this marvellous humanity around console one for all his wants and imperfections.

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**Sense of the Absolute.**— In this thy vague, perplexed, mysterious self-consciousness, the awful shadow of the Eternal often falls. Thou knowest not what or who it is? It is the I AM, the exalted, blessed Absolute. The more the proud person in thee shrinks, and at times vanishes, that wonderful ALL-SELF becomes more solid and real. At last this poor self of thine is completely overpowered or absorbed. Then in ecstasy discover thyself as something else, thyself in others, others in thee, and God in all. Earn God-consciousness daily, and be the God-man.

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**Personality.**— O the joy, O blessedness of clinging to the August Personality! Pervasiveness and infinity tend to weaken the sense of personal presence. Personality concentrates

itself in time and space, above all in my circumstances. God felt as a person is the secret of all truly personal religion. How very few indeed behold this supreme person !

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**The City.**—One whole month in Calcutta now. The city, vast and populous as it is, has wonderfully contracted itself in my mind; and out of it all there bursts out ceaselessly the investing, consuming fire of God-life. This noisy, realistic, humdrum Calcutta is refined into a strange spiritual lustre, when I cease to look upon it from the self-interested point of view. It becomes a living total: individuals are lost in God's presence as a many-sided humanity.

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**Take Me.**—Art thou alive or dead, O Beloved? Alive, yes, alive! Why, then, hast thou not been yet able to charm me? The bride of the bride-chamber is smitten by her beloved. The youthful mother of her first-born is inseparable from her mysterious babe. With what unutterable longing is the miser drawn to his

gathering gold! But my soul is still unsmitten, separable, indifferent, listless. Alive thou art, that I see, good, great, wise, beautiful. I know thou art glorious: there is none like thee. But thou drawest me not, thou wouldst not charm me, thou wouldst not take me far out of myself! Why, then, didst thou reveal thyself? O thou desire of my forlorn soul, my treasure, my hope, my heaven, cast a pitying glance upon this beggar at thy threshold! Take me in, O Lord!

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**God in Man.**—Every one I love and reverence, from the Viceroy to the vilest street-woman. Not the man as he is, but the possibility of man I glorify. Let us labor, let us die, to make men and women better. We want at least twenty thousand workmen on the Father's fields. His flocks are going astray, his children are dying in the wilderness. Lord, who will rescue them?

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**Triumph.**—The secret of all true triumph is the sense of perfect fulness without the help of any man. I have all humanity in me, and there-



fore need nothing from outside. God fills me: I can contain nothing more. They have shut me out, but I have shut them in: they have driven me far, but I have drawn them nearest to my heart. I have love, and I have thus the whole creation under me. \_\_\_\_\_

**Love.**—Love God, love man, with plain, realistic love. Purge thy love. Purge thy love for woman from all desire, purge thy love for the great and wealthy from all expectation, purge thy love for life from all self-indulgence. In short, purge this love of thine for every good thing of earth from selfishness and carnality, and that sanctified, holy passion of love lay before the altar of God and man. And, then, I promise thee thou shalt win both. Love every one, everything, only not for thy own sake, but for the sake of thy God. \_\_\_\_\_

**Religion.**—The so-called philosophy of the century relegates religion to mere “feeling.” So it is in most men. But religion is not mere feeling. It is wisdom, insight, it is faith that is second seeing, knowledge, an inspiration to

know the mind in all things. It is a light that enlightens all things that come into the world. Religion is perpetual action, struggle, conflict, a forward effort to live up to the God in man, a service, a sacrifice, actual dying to do the will of a Master. Then it is feeling also, worship, love, inspired imagination, wonderful peace, and joy unutterable. Religion has been to me all this, and I therefore say it. The shapes in which religion embodies itself are no measure of its reality, but very little before the loftiness of actual *being*.

**Next Door.**—No, not in the same house always, but God lives next door to me. The moment I step out of myself I find the resplendent presence of the Mother Supreme. I walk with that presence, I commune with that presence, but I leave the great Mother on the roadside as I enter my own house.

**Cure Me.**—This poor thatch of life leaks in so many places no amount of patching avails to keep me from sun and rain. Lord, be thou my refuge entirely, or I die. Disease now, poverty

then, persecution anon, how can I keep off so many enemies? Take me over to thyself body and soul. This ragged garment of righteousness, Lord, does not cover my shame or my sores. Can any one cure a man full of wounds from head to foot? Lord, cover me in the mantle of thy holiness, cure me of every unrest.

**Communion.**—O supreme moment of communion, moment of sovereignty, peace, glory! Everything full of thy conscious presence, thyself within, thyself without, thy glory manifest in creation, but perfect in my soul. My whole being worships thee, offers itself unto thee, finds thee real.

O madness and intoxication of God-communion! It is an effortless, painless, spontaneous absorption, it is perfect self-forgetfulness, peace past utterance!

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**Excelsior.**—There is a sunlight more glorious than this May morning on the hills, there are heavens more resplendent in blue, balmier breezes are there, higher, greener mountains,

and whiter. There are plains watered by purer streams, cataracts of a finer crystal cutting through the everlasting rocks, and bird-notes richer, more penetrating, more suggestive. This earth is not the most glorious of thy creations, nor am I the highest of thy beings. Infinite, endless, speechless, is the glory of thy self-revelation.

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**Infection.**—O blind self, behold how the innate ugliness of thine own favorite sins is portrayed in the mirror of thy neighbor's character. When another man is as bad as thyself, bad in thine own usual badness, how *very* bad does he appear!

**Son of God.**—Saint, Son of God, Elder Brother, it is impossible to honor and love thee too much. I have sometimes failed to give thee thy due; but, alas! I find it too true on the other hand that, in obeying and honoring thee, men put the Spirit of God in the background altogether. I would rather be true to God than to man, though I know God is in man, and honor to man is one of the highest virtues. Oh,

teach me thy true worship, my God, so that my highest love and honor to thee will be the highest love and honor to thy Son.

Be of one mind with God, be one with man. Then love to one will be one to the other.

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**My Own.**— My soul yearns, wanders, and goes seeking after the souls whom I love; but they do not come to me. I go to them: they do not come. Perhaps it is not yet time they should. Some day, some bright day, when, where I cannot tell, my own shall come to me. Will they find me at home? O God, may they! I wish my beloved should abide awhile here on earth. In hope and trust for that day I sanctify myself.

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**The Bridegroom.**— I will tell you how it was with me when the Bridegroom came. I was cleansed with pure water and the morning breeze. I felt so simple, unburdened, natural, unexcited, innocent, sweet. Truly, truly, my spirit was like a new-born child. There was nothing in me, neither worldliness nor guile nor

selfishness of any kind; but there was an unsounded depth of light and peace. I longed to worship the Bridegroom, strew flowers before his feet. I yearned to serve those he loved. How mysterious was I to myself in friendship with the Friend of all. I am devoted to my God. God is devoted to me. The Beloved needs me. I need him, and I need also the beloved of the Beloved.

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*Sense Spiritual.*—Each one of the senses is a magical key to open suddenly the storehouse of God's bounties and beatitudes, his self-revelations and subtle presence. Lights, shadows, colors, substances, proximities, forms, magnitudes,—these wounded surfaces and the dark interiors all play on the stage of the eye as symbols of the one vast Reality. Voices of nature and man, infinite and many-tongued, voices of the dead in the past, voices of the unborn in the future, midnight echoes, twilight whispers, the shouts and laughter of daylight,—these sound to the ear the depths of the Word that was in the beginning. There is a wonderful, incomprehensible suggestion in the fragrances of flowers,

sandal-wood, and incense, as if thou, O God, fillest the fanes of thy universe ; and all the embraces of creation, the baths of breeze and sunshine and pure water, unfold how the soul purified may merge in communion and holy ecstasy. Enrobe thou my soul in the heavenly garments of each one of the senses, as, purged and consecrated, they perform their priestly office in life. Let the senses draw in the whole universe to my soul, unseal the treasures and unities of the creation, and proclaim that earth and heaven are one, that matter and spirit are the shadow and forms of God. The senses are usable for the highest and holiest purposes.

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**The Moral Law.**—True that the strictest obedience to the moral law avails not to bring a man the true taste of salvation ; but woe unto him who in the least thing is found to break the commandment of conscience ! Morality is the universal basis of spiritual life.

The moral law has no limit. It perpetually encroaches upon the acts and details of life. Right and wrong divide between themselves the

entire sphere of existence. There is nothing indifferent, nothing neutral. Oh, the fearful responsibility for everything we say, do, or think! Lord, who but thou, what but thy grace, can relieve me from this terrible reign of law?

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**Mystic Unity.**—Hast thou the spiritual unity, hast thou the oneness of mind, heart, and will with the Spirit Supreme? If thou hast, endless material forces shall emanate from thee. Thou shalt work miracles. Thou shalt heal and control men. The elements shall obey thee. The spirit rules the universe, mind rules, love rules. Have these; and thou, too, worm as thou art, shalt rule yet.

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**Past and Future.**—My past life is woven out of the unsuspected pregnancy of the soul. How little I knew what I was! The past is a wonderful texture of purpose, love, performance, divine blessing, sadly rent and warped here and there by base wilfulness and wicked self-interest, rent and warped by myself, but mended and renewed by thee, my God. My future, hid in the depths



of thy love beyond the veil of a sure immortality, is still more wonderful. Let me *now* be faithful unto thee,—yea, Lord, faithful in every relation, in every small detail of life.

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**Choice and Result.**—*Choose* what is right, *act* up to thy light without choice, leave the rest to God in faith. Result rarely answers hope or wish, but in the end all things favor. Loss to yourself is not absolute loss if it brings gain in spirit.

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**Live in the Moment.**—The troubles and uncertainties of life contract thy being to a mere point, to a mere moment. Numberless wants, like a shoreless abyss, bring despair to look at them. Concentrate thy whole life on the undoubted duty of the moment. And, as for the future, fall asleep on the bosom of God.

**Secret Poverty.**—What sweetness of face long veiled behind that stern, hopeless poverty! The delicious fountain gushes out of that bleak, bar-

ren rock. Thou doest well in not compelling me to disclose my dire need to any man. Lord, I am abjectly poor and helpless before thee. But, Oh, keep the dignity of thy bond-slave before all the world !

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**My Wife.**—I fervently pray for thy hand-maiden, my wife. She feedeth me, keepeth me, and beareth this heavy burden of care for my sake. Thou hast taken away from me the power of giving her any outward relief. I weep, and supplicate : O Lord, keep and console her. Bear her burdens, and, if it please thee, relieve her earthly cares.

I behold so much of thee in her,—thy devotedness, tenderness, self-spending care. O Lord, cause her to behold thee in thyself. Cause her at least to behold and love thee as I do. The joys of this earth I cannot impart to her : teach me how I may impart to her thy spirit.

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**Smiter.**—Lord, thou smitest still. Into what depth of lowliness wouldst thou cast me? Is there any man alive more strangely, secretly

smitten? Yet, behold, I stand in dignity before the whole world! I am a prince in thy household, a prophet in Israel. My poverty and dignity are equally unaccountable. I am tossed about by destiny, as the storm tosses a straw. It is useless choosing my circumstances. Do with me as thou wouldst. A poor, vile worm, keep or kill, raise or smite me; and let it be all to thy glory, to thy glory, O Lord!

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**Cross.**—Oh, the deep, crushing humiliation of the Cross of Christ! It is nothing, nothing short of death in life. But, if it is death in life, it is also life in life, it is life in and after death: it is immortal, eternal life.

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**Persecutors.**—Will their persecution know no end, can nothing quench the thirst of their hatred? They have driven me from my place and usefulness, they have charged me with every foul motive and deed, they have dogged and mocked me at every step, rejoiced at my ill-health, laughed at my poverty, wished for my

death. My holy office they have usurped, my secret sorrows they have dragged before the public, my disappointments they have exposed. In return have I always wished them well, though everybody points to them the finger of scorn. I commit my case into thy hands, O Lord. Let not untruth and injustice triumph.

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**Life in God.**—I have found infinite and immortal life even in this world, only tell me how I may keep it. Believing God to be life, the life and glory of the whole universe overflows my soul,—the life of all humanity exalts me! This frail atom of flesh cannot bound the impulses of my ascending spirit. Life, more life, in me pour, the widening of life of the highest and holiest, O Lord.

Life in God is a tremendous force. It will surely carry everything before it.

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**Lead, Kindly Light.**—Shoreless and bottomless and unfamiliar, strange is life in God. The great pilgrims all stand on the other side.

They say not how they crossed. Not a voice to guide, not a star to show. Only the needle to point northwards, upwards. "Lead, kindly light." God alone knows God. God alone knows me, a poor stranger to every one and everything. But, like the dying Aurangzeb, I exclaim, "Now I have launched my bark, farewell! farewell!"

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**Dignity.**—Mean and contemptible appearances, loftiness and heroism of spirit, go not together with me always. When I dress shabbily and am shabbily treated, I often feel small. When I am grandly fitted out and grandly served, I am sometimes vain. Only when perfectly alone with thee, rich or poor, I am what I am. When shall I be before all men, and under all appearances, what I am before thee? Mean and contemptible in presence, where was there a greater hero than the tent-maker of Tarsus?

**Vanity and Reality.**—On the ghostly seashore of time I stand: these events, in so many forms, in so many hues, float away in the spec-

tral currents, like the wreckage from some unknown, far-off land,—float away (never stop, never return) to some other unknown, far-off land. Like flitting forms, men are busy making their little mounds of sand : these they call their lives. When the tide fills up, everything is clean gone, not a trace, not a message, as if you and I were never born. Only the Eternal is there, abiding, real, breathing calmly forever and forever. In his glory, for the good of his creatures, let me, a poor worm, raise my little mound of life. And when the deep waters have swept us away, brother, we shall be gathered elsewhere to give our testimony that God is good, and life in him is life eternal.

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*The Secret of Death.*—How can the awful secret of dying be revealed to those who have such fondness for life? If you want to taste the blessedness of death, you must die : learn to die, practise dying.

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*Vanity.*—Vanity darkens all things. Men are orthodox without having faith in God, liberal without having love for man, strict in judgment

without integrity of conscience. Blind to the awful form of truth, thou worshipest thyself, O my soul. Forsake vanity: follow God!

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**Coal and Soul.**—Let us compare coal and soul. What so contemptible as a piece of coal? Yet steam and gas and colors and sweets coming out of it have revolutionized the world. Its capabilities are still unknown. And you do not believe in the capabilities of the soul? It conceals an infinite promise to the world.

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**Loss and Gain.**—Expenditure is but laying out; loss is but prospective gain; death is but slow immortality.

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**God rules.**—What if I am crushed under the disappointments and crosses of life, what if I fail to achieve any outward result? I have found God. I am filled with his peace. His wonderful self-revelations make for me a world within the world. If I fall, he remains, his laws remain, his purposes shall be fulfilled. It is

enough for me to find rest in his promise, to have my hand on the plough until the last, and confidently await the future. The Dispensation is his, and he is able to take care of it.

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**The God-man.**—When you are God-filled yourself, you can recognize the God-man: there is no other way. The Son reveals the Holy Spirit, and the Holy Spirit reveals the Son.

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**The Threefold Pilgrimage.**—Thrice has my spirit gone on pilgrimage, and every time returned with heavenly wealth. I went in search for thee, O Beloved, into the holy land of thy glorious creation. Wonderful shrines, sanctuaries, sacred streams, and forests abounded there with the wealth of thy presence. I gathered, and came back rich. My second pilgrimage was in the holy land of my own nature. The temples, altars, the fires and spiritual overflows, the inspirations and services of sanctified humanity, are marvellously full of thy forms and fragrances. I have ceased to be earthly when



I have been with thee within myself. And then my third pilgrimage was outside of myself again. I went in search of thee, O great Providence, into the holy ground of thy dealings with mankind, into the holy land of Humanity. In every dispensation of religion and history thy handiwork is so unmistakable, and thy breathings so palpable. So often and so well hast thou dwelt, worked, struggled, conquered, blessed, among mankind, that to find thee I must travel through thy worlds to thyself. Thou art strangely full and abundant in humanity. Yes, in every one of these three pilgrimages I have found thee and acquired thee. I will again and again traverse in these fields so long as life lasts. And all the wealth, health, and strength thou givest me I will spend in my services to that New Dispensation which thou art daily revealing unto the age and generation.

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**Covenant.**— It is worth the whole price of my long poverty and manifold trouble, O Father, to receive the treasure of thy undoubted assurance that some day thou shalt deliver me. Thine

assurance is a promissory note whose value cannot be told in gold and silver, because it is a guarantee not only against every earthly want, but against sin and death, which wealth cannot protect from. Lord, make thy covenant with thy servant; for sure I am thou wilt keep it. Let thine assurances visit me every day; for, behold, my spirit fainteth.

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**Denial.**—The world still denies the possibility of Incarnation and the fact of Immortality. Christ is only a dogma: the resurrection is only a hope. But dogmas and hopes never rule the world. *Faith* rules.

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**Ecstasy in Devotion.**—Seeing, recognizing, finding relationship, communing, sometimes being at one with God,—these are several stages of spiritual search and attainment. I believe them, and experience them. But my soul testifies that beyond them all there is another order of vision. God's presence and personality overwhelm the soul. All self-control goes, even reason is temporarily unseated,—at least men

think so. I fear to acknowledge this will have to take place in every man's life, here or elsewhere. What form this kind of visitation will take, in whose life, no one but the Spirit knows. But I await it in hope and trust.

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**Lavish, yet Economical.**—Bountiful, seemingly prodigal, lavish unto the faithless, how strange the economy of Providence to his servant! Everything has to be wrung out of law, labor, delay; but everything comes at last.

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**Prayer.**—Cause thou every appealing look to find thy glorious presence, cause every agonized prayer to meet thy gracious response, cause every trouble to carry me to thy door, and every happiness to fill my heart with the deepest gratitude.

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**Keshub.**—I believe Keshub was a God-man. His imperfections do not affect me: his divinity is to me an endless joy and help. The Spirit of God is my model of life. The Christ is to me

the exemplar of that model. Other prophets are parts of the Christ. Keshub is my minister: he illustrates how to be Christ-like. But for his life I could never be Christ-like, however great my reverence for Christ. Yet even this work of illustration is imperfect. The Indwelling Spirit supplements and consummates that work. I cannot do without Christ, I cannot do without Keshub; but it was God, and God alone, who gave me the one and the other. God therefore is all in all. Everything for him, in him, through him, to whom be glory forever and ever.

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*The City.*—Calcutta, noisy, dusty, ill-smelling, persecuting Calcutta, glows with a wonderful divinity. The mighty purpose which animates the measureless activity of a city is divinity incarnate. The school-house, court-house, hospital, market-place, the steam, the traffic, the crash, the seething crowd, the cooking, the scavenging, hawking, shopping,—men and women, like atoms, forming the vastness of life, each intent, absorbed, in a separate self-interest, all bound up in a million-sided unity — what is all this but an

incarnate, all-compelling will? It is not mine, not yours, nobody's; yet it is there! It is mine, it is yours, it is everybody's, because we all add our share to its making. This presence of divinity is general, is special, common, yet distinct; nay, contrary to everything else. What a marvellous illusion of self-love blinds each poor soul to the unity of universal beneficence. For whom, what, in what permanence of hope, O worker, dost thou thus toil night and day? To what attainable goal dost thou run thy wild, weary race? Lo, the dawn breaks on thy night-sky; and where art thou, and all thy work? Yet the city roars, rushes, shouts, laughs, cries, and sweats in its endless labor. It teaches, judges, serves, blesses, crushes, heals, kills, and throbs with a giant life. Crowded with a population of wilful automata, unconsciously the city fulfils the thousand purposes of Infinite Love. I walk in the streets in a trance. I live here in a perpetual twilight of divine self-manifestation. O all-pervading Life, Mover of mankind, lead me, too, to the work of serving, helping others, lead me through my appointed duty, however hard, to bear my burden, however heavy, and to take up

to my lips the mixed cup of life. Tell me how I may enter into thy glorious activities, as I have entered into thy glorious contemplation, fervidly and with my whole heart.

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**The Spirit Person.**— Oh, the simple sense of having found the Spirit Person! How to name thee? Father or mother, he or she, nay, what? Thou hast opened the deeps of thy personality and presence: all is in thee. Let me gaze and wonder. Shut out all else. Deliver me from myself. Let absolute annihilation cover all else. I in thee, thou in me, thou my all, life, immortality, earth, heaven. Thus may sadness, suffering, death, cease in this simple sense of thy person to overpower me.

**Spirit Blindness.**— Professor Huxley somewhere says his mission was to be a mere “mechanical engineer” in science. Nothing interested him but “the mechanical engineering of living machines.” This is a frank admission. He had not the wish, nor the capacity, nor the

training, nor the interest to see anything else in life than mere mechanics; and he indeed has seen it, and nothing beyond that. There is a born blindness in the so-called scientific spirit of the times. Nothing can cure it. All the wonderful cleverness and culture Huxley has only serve to add complacency to his want of knowledge. Some of the most eminent men have been smitten with this strange incapacity. But every kind of eminence is idolized by our poor, crazy humanity. Why should celebrity in one field of life be any claim to leadership in another? We are senseless worshippers of success, and nothing can cure the idolatry of the age.

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**Apostolic Test.** — The test of apostolic life lies in being able to turn spirit into matter, and matter into spirit. This involves the whole principle of material creation. The chasm between matter and spirit is indeed wide, impassable to the worldly-minded. To faith it is daily passable. The bridge between matter and spirit is made up of *faith* and *effort*. Faith and effort turn possibilities into facts, create fresh oppor-

tunities, and make aspirations realities. There is no limit to what the child of the spirit will accomplish. But he must give his life in the accomplishment.

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**Secret Relations.**—All objects have hidden relations to God. He who has found his own secret path to God has, in mastering one secret, mastered many secrets. A great many objects are in his control.

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**Providence Crushes.**—Providence does, indeed, shape human ends. But the shaping crushes humanity. The shaping, when finished, we admire in sentiment: the crushing we hate and avoid. Woe unto the man who has fallen into the hands of God; woe now, glory ever afterwards!

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**God is Life.**—When I look upon thee as the Life, art thou only the life of the body? Art thou not also the life of the mind, heart, soul, and conscience? Bodily life is the lower life: life rises in higher scales within me till it culminates into spirit-life. Thou art the lower and



the higher life, O Lord. Thou dost reveal thyself in every form of energy and achievement. Body and soul are both pervaded by thee: thou art the wholeness and oneness of life in me. Thou art Prana (Life), myself only the Prani (Living Object). I live in thee.

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**Meaning in Symbols.**—Speaking as a Hindu, I find pantheism, polytheism, man-worship, book-worship, symbolism, ritualism, are but thin veils that half conceal the glorious countenance of the Infinite. As modes, attempts, embodiments, they cannot be summarily dismissed. The great Dispensation of the age must rend the semi-transparent veil, and make every system yield its divine secret. The *isms* must be gathered and perfected in the New Revelation.

**Life consumes Life.**—Life feeds on life. Life grows on its own waste. All action, even bodily, means self-expenditure. Mind, heart, conscience, spirit, all feed upon the expenditure of the body. Man is a daily sacrifice unto himself. Rather man is a living sacrifice to the advent and in-

crease of the God-life in him. The higher life feeds upon the lower. This is true almost throughout the animal kingdom. The animal is the type of the spiritual. The mind, heart, conscience, soul, feed and grow upon the waste of the carnal. The immortal is the outcome of the mortal. Bodily life is the lowest form, soul-life the highest form. If the death of the body purchases life eternal, who will grudge the cost?

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**Labor's Dignity.**—Labor has always its dignity. Labor in its own field is the noblest thing. Laborer, know thy field, choose thy work. There is always a secret adaptation between thyself and thy surroundings. Know that secret, keep it well, work it out. Thou shalt be maintained, and in dignity, too.

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**Spirit reveals in Scripture.**—You ask how I know the true from the untrue in all scriptures, how I know the lasting from the fleeting in the teachings of prophets? You ridicule my intuition, you forget I am of the Dispensation of the Spirit. The Spirit *reveals* himself in scriptures

and prophets to me,—not to me only, but to all the elect. The Spirit bears infallible evidence of himself. It is not intuition, but inspiration. If you doubt me, doubt all who have gone before me. In one act of doubt discard all the prophets and scriptures.

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**The Mainspring.**—The machineries of divine bounty are set in motion by touching the spring of honest human effort. From the highest to the lowest plane of life it is struggle which unseals success.

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**Mendicancy.**—The state of mendicancy is not very new, but the freedom from anxiety and depression *is new*. Free, independent, and calm like a prince, I stand before the King of kings. I am his to serve, to love in heart, mind, and body. Men, I know, will call my state dangerous: from a worldly point of view, it *is dangerous*. But this is one of the dangers I have invited in taking the great vow of faith and poverty. I have been enabled at times to overcome this danger miraculously. I know I shall

overcome it again. When, how, I am not given to see. My wants are untold: they are grievous, they are both worldly and spiritual. My hope and faith are greater than my wants. The greater shall overcome the lesser. "My grace," saith the Lord, "is sufficient for thee."

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**Like cures Like.**—When you have a burn, bring the part close to the fire again: the touch of water will cause the wound to fester. When you are frozen, rub the part with snow: heat and fire will induce mortification. Like cures like. When faith and love and service have made you sick or weak or poor, the only relief is in greater faith, love, and self-sacrifice. Flight to worldliness or self-indulgence or indifference means sure death. Ceaseless action, not reaction, is the secret of life's success.

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**The Fine Arts.**—Undoubtedly, the Infinite is sculptured in all nature. The senses behold him. All the virtues have their forms: the forms change ever, the virtues are unchanging.

Every man with an ideal is an incarnation. What are the fine arts but the Infinite flooding into the soul through the senses? The worlds sing an eternal song in which all systems of music mingle. Mankind builds an eternal temple, of which all the cathedrals are but solitary spires. There is an unwritten poetry in all languages. Who says God is abstract? His body and spirit overshadow all things. There is no spirit without form, there is no form without spirit.

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**God builds.**—What a real, strong, abiding thing it is to have every doubt set at rest about thy inspiration and thy work in me! Amidst the wretched entanglements of this poor effete self thou buildest up, O Maker, a new, divine man. Let me behold myself in the mirror of thy divinity.

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**Faith and Duty.**—Every difficulty of life offers two ways to overcome it. The human way is to do the duty which it always involves: the divine way is the practice of faith and dependence on the will of God which it always

conceals. But, remember, no duty is practicable without faith and dependence, and no faith is real without the performance of duty. Thus life means the narrow, middle path between religion and morality. The absence of the one always means the absence of the other.

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**Consecration.**—My soul beholds the awful countenance so different from my own. My hands are active in his service, my back bears his burdens, my mouth loves his praise, ceaseless prayer rises from my innermost parts to his glorious throne. As for the desolation around me, the broken church, the dismembered community, the Lord shall build up what he has broken down, he shall establish what he has overthrown. O, my downcast soul, the great heavenly King shall prosper thee.

**Poverty.**—Next to my skin this rough blanket of poverty sits very cordially. It warms my heart to God and to mankind, the great majority of whom are poor. I doubt much if outside the

ranks of the poor in Oriental lands there can be true charitableness, generosity, or sweet, forgiving love. The least touch of art destroys the bloom and fragrance of the soul.

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**Forgive.**—Mother, O Mother of ineffable love, forgive in this my deep distress what there is of error of doing and not doing. Humiliate me for thy purposes, and not for my transgressions. Let every tear shed sow thy vineyard: let every sigh fan some troubled forehead.

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**Deeds and Doers.**—When utterances and deeds are immortal, can those who said and did be dead?

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**The Dead live.**—When the dead are alive, can the living die? Every dead and decomposing organism is the home of myriads of living creatures. Say not, then, that life alone is the victim of death. Life is always greater than matter. If the dead are indestructible, the living are much more indestructible.

**Immortal.**—Immortality proves immortality. Examples are everlasting. Exemplars are everlasting also. Let them dwell with God in my soul.

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**Win Souls.**—Win souls, have children in spirit; men, women, old, young. The acquisition of one soul is equal to millions of wealth.

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**Deliberance.**—Every one in these days understands the law of the association of ideas. The suggestions in our minds make us saints or sinners. If the imagination is impure, that is hell. If the imagination is pure, that is heaven. To be able to cut away from the bonds of this law of association means deliverance from passion and worldliness. To the son of God all things suggest differently from what they suggest to you and me.

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**Law of Deliberance.**—Four courses are open to get free from the law of association. Cruel discipline of all the senses; absorption in good work; repeated and long-continued absorption



in the spirit of God ; and the company of holy men and women. This fills and reassociates the mind with purity. View all things in new and blessed associations. When you become new, the whole universe becomes new.

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**The Prison-house.**— A prisoner, behold a prisoner of the Lord ! Shut up by a will not my own, chained to purposes half hidden from my sight, laboring in every field I am sent to, laboring often without any apparent reward, with much apparent discouragement, scorned by men, I feel it sometimes very dark and desolate. There seems no way to escape out of these iron walls of circumstance. Providence is my prison-house : I am his bond-slave. But my prison, though it opens not outside, opens *inside*. The walls have hidden doors which, at a touch from some unseen hand, are drawn up. . Through them I behold scenes of enchanting beauty. My chains fall off. The unchangeable will becomes the force of a marvellous love. The hidden purposes become glorious altar-stairs to the bosom of Infinite Rest. Circumstance becomes

## HEART-BEATS

my throne, crosses become my crown, the prisoner is turned into the King's son, the heir of immortal glory!

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**What am I?**—Only a grain of dust, O Beloved, only a grain of dust at thy threshold, only an atom at the door of thy wondrous sanctuary! What is my worship before the ceaseless glorification of thy universe? To open all my eyes and ears is all my worship. I am only a partaker, the least among the millions who partake of thy communion. If I had the wealth of all the kings, I could not build a temple like what thou hast built to thy children. Only let me lie on thy threshold, only let not thy servants sweep me away.

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**Last Year and This.**—'This time last year the Spirit was showering into me the most blessed revelations of heavenly light. My soul became a great reservoir. This year the command has gone forth that I must be industriously occupied in service. I must carry the waters and lights of grace into every part and path of my wasted life. I must turn grace into reality.

**Double Difficulty.**—If I was able to treat men as I am treated, and hate them as I am hated, that would perhaps harden me into greater endurance; but there is something in my heart, I am disposed sometimes to call it weakness, which makes rudeness and hatred impossible. Every one whom I have once loved, I am impelled always to love and trust. The result is, men's cruelty cuts me from both sides. My poor candle burns both ways. My own love consumes me, men's hatred consumes me,—consumes me all the more because I love. God, give me rest on thy all-suffering bosom!

**The Virgin Soul.**—Charge me not with folly if I say my soul is the Virgin Mother. I am the Mother of God. I behold the Eternal Blessedness in the womb of my soul. I have the "immaculate conception." Yea, the wisdom, wealth, joy, love, sanctity, of the whole world are in me. Glory fills me. I have rest. I can retire within myself, and defy the world. As the young mother about to be delivered of her first child keeps the fruit of her womb in the tenderest

care and most joyous anticipations, so I would keep thee, O Beloved, in my vitals. All day long thy thoughts are my delight, every other thought an intrusion. What marvels I behold when I behold thee within me! I am only a foolish creature, a common object, a worm unclean. Why didst thou enter into me? I am only an egg-shell, a husk. Some day soon the shell will break: in all thy fulness and splendor thou wilt come out. And then the relation will change, thou shalt be the glorious Mother; and I, thy sick, tired child, shall be laid at rest on thy breast, and taken home never, never to come back again.

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**Death.**—O Death, thou good angel of God, we have unjustly and unwisely given thee a bad name. How many burning brows hast thou bathed in calmness, how many aching hearts hast thou laid at rest! From shame, dishonor, poverty, persecution, long illness, thou hast saved many sons of God. Thou hast covered ill-used men with glory, clothed humble sufferers with sainthood, exalted Christ into Divinity. Thou art the king of terrors to him only who

has defied God. Finisher of earthly life, thou dost stimulate me to complete every duty, to achieve every perfection, to be ready for the blessedness of the eternal mansions. With nameless hopes swells my soul, and an unspeakable trust, when thy far-off image shows itself out of the clouds. Tranquillity and gloriousness invite me. Far, yet near! how near, who knows? I am in thy embrace already, O mighty. Behold thou hast touched my face, and my hair is white before its time, the flesh has receded from my cheeks. Thou hast plucked my fine teeth one after another, and put a bridle in my mouth. Thou art smiting my memory, so that things most familiar I often fail to name or remember. Feebleness daily steals over me: it must be shaken off. In all this thou hast done well, stern messenger. But why hast thou not yet crushed every carnal vanity in this poor frail creature, the body? Why hast thou not forced into my heart the conviction that every earthly pleasure is a gilded bubble? Why hast thou spared any ~~sense~~ of self in me? Be not too terrible to the man who is ready to welcome thee as the healing hand of God. Thou

mysterious goal, full of dark dimness, yet shining out momentarily in eternal lustres, now my weary pilgrimage hastens to thee. I am making ready for thee in righteousness and tender love. I would that God robbed me of all fear of death!

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**Law of Service.**—Speaking for myself, it is a daily experience that the attainment of the Spirit is impossible except through perfect subjection to the Son. God's service is unacceptable without man's. Be Christ-like first, and then know the true secrets of the Spirit.

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**Is this Pantheism?**—The Spirit self-manifested is the universe. Universal Spirit is God in the universe. The same Spirit is in me, or how could I apprehend and realise him? The Spirit individualises himself in me: God is in me, I in God. Finding him in me, I find him in all things. He realises himself before me, reveals himself in history, in poetry, in art, in mathematics, in scripture, in nature, in man, in sorrow, in circumstance, in death. But the con-

dition of thus realising and gaining insight is the conquest of passion, conquest of self. Here religion and morality meet. When by self-conquest man finds Spirit in spirit, he finds the universe in himself, he becomes one with God.

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**What is Spirituality?** — Sentimentalism is not spirituality, neither is it morality, nor even insight, though all these go to make the spirit. Absolute subjection, unselfishness, and oneness of will with God, such as Christ exemplified, make up the nature of the spiritual man.

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**When too feeble.**— When I am too feeble, take me, dear, into the great temple whose courts I have always loved to tread when I was strong, — the great, green temple of nature. The privilege of my life has been to take part in this universal worship of all things. If possible, beloved, let that be the privilege of my death also. I listened to the strange chant of the winds and waters, and the clouds as they sailed in their many colors, as they growled or roared

or broke in storm and thunder. To their voice my soul gave articulation: the voice of the universe was my voice. In the dark shaded branches of the forest tree the bird mothers fed their young: they both sang, the mother to the young, the young to the mother. The flowers smiled and laughed as they unfolded their wealth of beauty and fragrance. I seek to worship in the marvellous temple which He hath raised with his own, not with another's hands. It is no effort, dear, to worship and praise and pray. The soul rushes to it, as the water torrent on the hillside. There is a wine in all things which the spirit drinks with unquenched thirst. Give me a drop of it when I am very infirm, give me a drop at the very last moment.

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**The Two Yarns.**—Two yarns twisted together make the thread of life, one gold, and the other iron, one God, the other self. Life is not solely he, it is not solely I. The breath that goes out is mine, the breath that comes in is his. There is one respiration for the body, and one for the spirit."



**Life.**—Life is struggle of forces tending perpetually to harmony. Life is progress unto perfection, never reaching it but at moments. Life is a balance between silence and speech, between activity and repose. Life is a loss of the spirit of God and a continuous gain of it, because, after all, God is life, we but its sharers with him. We lose bodily life, and gain spiritual life continually. Life is only a preface, a prologue, an overture leading to the song of the spheres.

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**God weeps.**—The fellow-sufferer we need, where is he? Christ suffers for the poor, the poor love him. But Christ's suffering is ended: he is in glory now. We need some one still to suffer for us, with us, we who are faint and weary. Christ revealed one thing. The suffering and sorrow of afflicted humanity are not foreign to the nature of God. God weeps for those who weep, and stands in suffering pity by the bedside of the miserable wretch. All those who on earth suffer for others—the mother, friend, wife, patriot, philanthropist—bear evidence to this side of Divine nature. Only believe God weeps

with you, and your weeping is turned into joy ; only believe God shares your dishonor, and you know the dignity of it.

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**Complexity.**—The higher an organism, the more complex it is ; the greater its adaptability to surroundings, the longer is its life. This is true of animal and spiritual organisation. The human body is the highest organism, the most complex and the longest-lived. And a religious system, highly organised and complex, is also almost immortal. The Dispensation of the Spirit, most complex, is everlasting. But complex in its organisation, it is simple in its life. Nothing is so simple as to live in God. All the heights and depths of spiritual possibility are included in that.

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**Survival of the Fittest.**—I believe in the struggle for life, but not in the survival of the fittest. I believe in the survival of the unfittest, which surely I am. But, then, I believe the unfit can be made fit. I believe in the miracle of possibility, because some of the possible has become actual in me. The power of God

has made the unfit. The stone which the builders had rejected has become the headstone of the corner. Let timid, unpractical, unfit men take comfort at the thought that "fitness" is only a comparative word, applicable or inapplicable to almost all men. When I was sent to this most wonderful machinery of the world I was meant by the All-wise to fit somewhere and be something. All my struggles and the struggles of all things force me ceaselessly to that point. I live to answer that adaptation. All creation labors to make this least worthy worm the worthy son of God. I will not die, but live to fulfil the purpose of God.

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**Descent of Man.**— This law of heredity is scientific evidence of the Christian doctrine of original sin. But I have both the law and the prophets, because, howsoever my flesh may have descended, my spirit is born not of man, but of God. Indeed, the flesh affects the spirit,—for evil to the unregenerate, for good to the regenerate. But let me confess my whole philosophy rests on the conquest of the flesh. Ay,

that is the problem for the moralist and the spiritualist alike. I descended from God, and to God I am perpetually ascending.

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**The Pure see God.**—In sentiment, thought, and knowledge thou hast seen and sometimes even attained the glorious Spirit of God. This is a great and rare privilege. Many are satisfied with it. What more dost thou want? I want to realise thee in faith, in holiness, in daily character. My Son, this is a new region. Be ready for strange disciplines and unheard of privations. The real secret of spiritual life is found by a search of another kind.

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**Unpopularity.**—I have borne a great deal in trying to conciliate men. I have borne a hundred insults. The meanest and smallest men have I allowed to triumph over me. Am I popular? Not a bit. What is the true cause of my unpopularity? Trying to be faithful and truthful to God. There is no other cause. In my attempts to be humble and sympathetic

before men I have had the blessings of God. In my attempts to be faithful to God, I have had the bitter curses of men. I will never try to displease and disturb men. So far as I honestly can, I will try to satisfy them. But I will, with all the loyalty and love left in me, serve and glorify my God. The result shall be what it has always been, men will persecute me unto death. I am ready.

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**Spirit Rules Matter.**—O Thou Unseen and Formless, I have wholly trusted in thee. Give me to prove that the Spirit rules matter, that the Unseen is the Lord of the Seen. Teach me perfection in self-conquest.

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**Ray.**—My son, it is thy fault: thou hungerest after too much human sympathy still. The "others" of whom thou speakest found me enough for their need. Avoid the world, learn to retire more into thy God. Another thing is thy self-sanctification does not keep pace with thy insight. Till thou hast sanctified thyself, I will not take thee hence.

**Strange Assurance.**—Indeed, trouble, humiliation, cause anxiety! Every earthly relation, not excepting service to the Lord, in a pitiable state. Friends, such as there are, unable or unwilling to help. Strong assurance, true calmness, moments of angelic peace in the heart, with *no* outward means, great inward comfort. For a nervous, worldly-minded man this experience is strange.

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**Across thy Threshold.**—Like the presence of the Spirit, His awful purpose repeatedly passes thy threshold. Thou seest it, praisest it, and movest on to thy business. The prophet also saw it, but in faith and love did devote himself to live and die to make it a reality. That is the difference between the Son of God and thyself.

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**Laughable.**—Lying on a torn mat, I dream of a lakh of rupees, my circumstances cannot check my aspiration. Surrounded by fools and youngsters, I consort with princes, keep intact the nobleness of soul, though the body is so mean. The world and its adversities will never exhaust

me. If men knew the abjectness of my circumstance, they would laugh; if they knew the princeliness of my demand, they would laugh.

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**Conquer.**—My patience has been long, my faith strong, my hope unbounded, my prayers ceaseless, my efforts shall never wane. I will conquer and glorify the Lord.

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**Opposite Virtues.**—Learn princely dignity when you are poor, learn independence when your wants urge you to seek the help of others, learn to be strong and courageous when persecution is at its height, learn to be trusting and loving to God when the sense of your weakness overcomes you.

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**Inner Impurity.**—From the attack of inner impurity virtue cannot secure thee, neither wisdom, nor religious exercise. Take shelter in the lowly mansion of the poverty of spirit, be meek, be down-trodden, and fervently pray when you are in such a mood of mind. It will save you

from all inner yileness. Poverty and purity dwell together in the spiritual man. Storms of temptation do not reach the utmost heights and utmost depths of religious life. Difficult, if not impossible, to reach the highest elevations. Possible, as well as easy, to reach the lowliest humility. I know there is a secret path from underneath the bottom of the earth to the topmost pinnacle of Zion, the Mount of God.

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**Take me Hence.**—My God, those who felt what I have felt, realised what I have realised, were not in the earth long. Why keepest thou me here? They despise me because I am still in their midst: perhaps they will think better of me if I go away, and do not mix with them. Why dost thou compel me to live in this uncongenial sphere?

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**Reactions.**—The soul cannot assimilate its own moods. It rises to the sublimest heights, it falls into awful depths of shame. It burns with the immortal heavenly fires, it writhes again in the eternal slime. Oh for the evenness of the saintly



spirit! These transcendent impulses are not my element, these vile depths are not my level. God, in modesty, soberness, truth, and manly strength, make thou my abode. I would grow and rise unto thee day after day.

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**God's Name.**—One of the thousand names of Vishnu is "What?" says Narada. He is the object of infinite question. Can any inquiry exhaust him? Man's soul is eternal asking, God is eternal giving. Man gives himself unto God, God gives himself unto man. Yet the universe asks with Narada, "What?"

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**The Great Bridge.**—Lo, the great Setu (bridge) of my spiritual life is being built from the world's Sasana (charnel-house) to the sounding shores of eternity. It is a bridge built on two piles: the one is faith, and the other is self-sanctification. Faith in God is faith that God is in me, as my life, my destiny, my guardian, my ruler, and care-taker in everything. Providence is incessantly moulding all objects, all

events, all circumstances for man's perfection, and the final carrying out of his purposes. Sanctification means realised and achieved holiness in every detail and principle that goes to make up man's life here. Everything, even the smallest and least important, sanctifies or defiles me.

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**Test of Service.**—Art thou indispensable, so that God's household cannot get on without thee? If not, thy service is a sham. Society cannot get on without the Mehter (sweeper), without the Dhoby washerman, the cook, the doctor, the lawyer; but society can get on very well without thee. Be thou a true servant of God, and thou, too, shalt be indispensable. This is the true test of service.

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**Indispensable.**—Men, weak, helpless, sinful men, can easily dispense with each other. Oh, how ill they can afford to do so! But the Almighty, Perfect God cannot afford to dispense with the least one of us. My soul, be thou faithful to God.

**God our Fortress.**— O God, O my Stronghold, with all thy gifts to me, with all the higher forces and dignities of my nature, let me find myself in thee. Let me discover myself again and again in thee: let me take refuge, God-fortified, in myself, fight my battles from within thee, and I will yet conquer thy kingdom.

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**Inexpressible.**— One great sorrow before God's witness is that my utterance has never been equal to my impulse, my thought has vainly struggled for expression. If I had been able to be before man what I have been before God, I would move the world to its centre. But a strange inadequacy of performance often benumbs my soaring soul. The saints were silent, but their silence expressed everything.

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**Absorption.**— Absorption in God is a reality, whatever the Philistines might say to the contrary. Whenever you forget yourself, think the thoughts that are God's thoughts, feel the same love towards all beings that he feels, partake in

his blessed desires, help to carry out his will, his joys become your joys, his heart becomes your heart, you are absorbed in God. Try to experience a few moments of such absorption every day.

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**Every Day.**— Every day is a new birth, a new opportunity. If you do faithfully its duties with a simple steadfast mind, take one step in advance which the Light above and within discloses, you are nearer God, nearer emancipation. It is also open to you to go lower and farther in the scale of creation as you have hitherto done.

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**Be Grateful.**— I have given thee many joys, O man, much freedom, good fortune, reward. Do not live in heartless forgetfulness of it all: do not fret at the one or two troubles thou hast. Even they are of little duration. Patiently bear them, manfully work to remove them, trust they are for your purification, pray that thou mayest be able to see your way out of them. Thy joys and thy sufferings shall be unto my glory and thy salvation.

**Sorrow is Real.**— Why dost thou try to make a romance of thy sorrow? Why dost thou foolishly fiddle or weakly wail when Rome is in flames? Do thy stern duty. Every suffering is real: it suggests a real solidity, and promises a real consolation, a solid joy, a lasting triumph.

**The Great Opportunity.**— The opportunity of salvation has arrived for me. Now let every faculty, every feeling, every freshly opened organ, be knit to action. Let every form of self, every desire of interest or pleasure be abolished forever. Spread me out into the immensity of Thy purpose, and into all the great centres of humanity. Yet, O Blessed Lord, I would see thy visible kingdom established! I would fain go forward to find some harmony between the internal and external. What is inside of me goes hence with me: what is outside remains. I entreat thee, establish thyself—yea, thy purpose and will—outside, in visible form among men and women. Save thy household, confirm thy dispensation, abide in thy Church. Give me a new mind and heart toward those whom thou hast

called. Obliterate all our guilty, miserable past. Perfectly white and holy let thy servants approach thee, reborn in the humility of faith; and in their hearts write thou thy infallible judgments.

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**Thy Lot.**—Thy lot, indeed, is not the happiest, though there is enough comfort in it to make thee thankful. Whatever thy lot be, O man, if thou canst retain in the midst of it perfect love and the peace of inner sanctification, thou hast solved for thyself the problem of life. Thou, too, hast fought the good fight, finished thy course, kept the faith; and henceforth there is a crown of glory for thee.

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**What I am not: what I am.**—No doubt I daily feel I am not the body. I am not my bodily life, which is rich in the vast and varied wealth of nature. If the wealth of bodily life is not mine, its infirmities, diseases, fears, its hundred deaths and rebirths, are not mine. Nay, I am not my mind, either, which is an outcome of this bodily life, but richer than itself in thought,

intelligence, insight. These doubts, infidelities, despairs, hesitations, excitements, also, are not mine. Nor am I what men call the heart, with its uncounted impulses, good, bad, middling. These passions, hatreds, heated desires, change-ful opinions, that come and go like light and darkness, like calm and storm, are no parts of me. I am not this high, guilty, proud sense of self, the source of so much good and evil, false joy, false sorrow. No: I am not one nor all these things together, though they are strangely given me for my use, and they affect me seriously in my relations to God and man. I have power over them, unlimited power, which I have not fully exercised. I am a spirit, an angel, a particle, an emanation from the Eternal. I am not begotten nor born of the flesh. I am undying, am on my wing already to where I came from. True, I am mixed with flesh and mind and self and passion,—mysteriously mixed. But, behold! I am every day freed from my bondage: before very long I will be free from everything. I am universal, for all time: I am one of all mankind, the household of God, an atom in the ocean, individual, but a part of the great whole. Apart

from that, I have no existence. I have seen the Spirit, and known myself as a spirit. I have seen the angels, and known myself as one of them. I am in all the goodness, brightness, peace, joy, wisdom, of the world. Finding my place in the bosom of the Parent,—a poor, miserable sinner as I am,—I am in all the earth and all the heavens !

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**Originality.**—This ceaseless effort to keep the balance of powers in character takes away a good deal of depth and originality. Any common point between you and other men is seized as a proof that you are no better than your neighbor. All prophetic fury is a disease : it is more or less unnatural.

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**Kingdom of Light.**—Will no one traverse the great, luminous realms of truth and law to unite them by the hand of Divine Reason into the glorious kingdom of light ? O my ignorant, darkened soul, we but get glimpses, sudden disclosures, unforeseen unions, which suggest a continuity I fully believe in. I realize it in a sort



of semi-consciousness which I cannot establish by evidence or logic. My insight refuses to submit to reason and expression. I cannot utter my faith, but cry and cry in the wilderness that some one stronger, more gifted with thought and expression, may build up the universal system, and put in it the lights and glories of the Spirit's self-revelation.

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**What is Self?** — I am but a sense, a capacity, a choice between good and bad : all the rest is God. Fill thou the sense with faith and wisdom, the capacity with love, and the choice with will-force ; and I will be thy son, one with thee.

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**My Own.**— It has happened to me, as to many others, that some of my dearest have offended me most grievously. In this I perceive God has most effectually chastised my self-love. I cannot cease to love those whom I have loved always. No, that is impossible. Once mine by right of holy love, they are ever mine. They are, and shall always be near to my heart till the end. But strange how often I

feel tempted to curse those whom I love truly! This is the more strange because blessing is much easier to my mind than cursing. How the evil one lurks in loving natures! But come, my fathers, mothers, and children, let us reason together. Love and serve the good, dear God with all your hearts; and it shall be as nothing that you have hurt me. I forgive you entirely. I wipe off all your offences against me, let it be as if I was never born. It is my secret delight that I love you and honor you. Perhaps you cannot believe it: the ways of the world have made such belief impossible, your own feelings have made it impossible. But my delight is none the less for all that. By all your good offices of love, when you loved me (oh, blessed remembrances!) you pushed me nearer to my God; by your bad offices and sincere hatred you have pushed me still nearer to God. So, you see, it is not hurtful to me, anyway. Only (oh, wretchedness!) I am driven far from the Mother's bosom by being tempted sometimes to hate and curse you. But rest assured that temptation shall never vanquish me. It is already growing less and less. I shall love you

all, take delight in your good work, wherever I am, deeply pity your follies, and in my sublimest moods fervently pray for you. Let us see what comes of that, whether your hatred conquers me or my love conquers you.

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**Worship of Nature.**—Lord, the voice of thy devotee grows fainter every day, and his words fewer. My soul would abide in thee unceasingly, but my tongue fails me. This infinite worship of the universe around me suffices : lead me out to it every day. Let the winds be my voice, the streams my spirit's outflow, the birds sing hymns for me, the clouds carry my thoughts to thee,—let all nature be my priestess, and do for me what I cannot do for myself.

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**What is Self ?** — I am but the sense of being in the infinite fulness of God whose I am. I am but the sense of the force of freedom, whereby I can bring my body and all things around me to conformity with God whom I see. But all the forces of my body, all my brains, are

his. I have but the privilege of their use. By the freedom of choice mysteriously given me, I make use of God-force to be one with God. All the forces and all the resources are the Father's. I have but to say, "Now I will arise, and go to my Father," and, behold, I am at his door, and he comes out to receive me into his embrace.

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**Two Homes.**—I have two little houses, one in Calcutta, and one in Kurseong. Both these fit me for my great home above. Calcutta is the place of my crucifixion, and Kurseong of my resurrection.

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**The Summit.**—How very much alike are the cloud towers and the everlasting peaks of snow! Nay, the clouds look more solid than Kanchan Jangha, hazy and sometimes faintly traced on the high bright oceans of infinite blue. Yet a passing breath of unsteady wind sweeps away the solid phalanx of that cloud army, and ages and æons have beaten on those sacred, mysterious summits in vain! Such is the contrast between man's speculations and the eternal deal-

ings of God. The difference between the passing and permanent is not in appearance, but reality. O explorer, be led to know between the clouds and the rocks !

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**Forsake not the Right.**—Great, great, indeed, is the fear of forsaking right and truth and Providence in these vain struggles for unity among self-deluded men. My soul shall never depart from the simple principles of moral purity, in small as well as in great things ; and may God take care of the rest ! Union at the cost of right is the worst discord.

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**The Snow-world.**—Morning and evening have I watched the snow-world,—the transcendent heights, now seen, now unseen, now half-veiled, or faint, or dim, or ghostly, or fearful in their rugged reality. What unearthly tints do these mountain sunsets cast upon them ! what spectral lights and pallors and shadows shroud them in the deep still night ! In light, starlight, day-dawn, and noon they are changing, changing. Yet do they change,—those Himalayas, those

untrodden regions of white? The unchangeable seems to change with varying heights and points of view. Prayer or meditation, joy or gloom, make the medium through which we behold the Eternal Face. It is we and our surroundings that change: the great Immutable is the same yesterday, to-day, and forever.

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**Inspiration.**—Thou art content, O my foolish soul, if impulses of insight and love visit thee now and then, say once a day. This is, of course, better than nothing. But genuine spiritual life means continuity, ever-readiness, the cessation of decrease. The mountain torrent rushes night and day, the dark forests above are never emptied of water, the deep gorges below are never filled,—such is inspiration. It is eternal gift and eternal want equalized in the bountifulness of God.

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**Prayers of the Saints.**—It may not be a great matter if the All-holy should judge the prayers of one like me as unavailing. But, surely, he cannot, he shall not, set aside the supplication

of his saints and sons in heaven! I hear them praying night and day for my peace, and for the household of God. They pray that our hearts may change, our convictions take a new form, our relations be born anew, and our souls be regenerated. If not for our sakes, for their sakes, O Lord, establish thy kingdom in our midst!

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**What is Self-surrender?**—Self-surrender is not a mere sentiment, though as such it is not without effect. Self-surrender is an *act*; and it means submission, not before God merely, but before *man*. The household of God is a reality, like God himself; though, owing to man's wilfulness, it is very seldom a perfect reality. The whole-souled surrender of each man belonging to it tends to make it more and more perfect.

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**Faith and Inspiration.**—You must not expect the immediate perception of divine realities always. Illumined intervals must be few and far between. Once having perceived the reality, you must have the faith to abide by it at all

times. Faith must be commensurate with inspiration: otherwise one or the other must cease, and the death of one means the death of both.

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**Consistency.**—Consistency and conversion are sometimes directly opposite things: the desire of consistency is a new fetich, a new form of self-worship that men have raised to themselves.

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**Test of Ideals.**—If your reality be real, it will bear to be lived by in every mean detail of life. If friction with fact belittle your ideal, the fact will never become a falsehood: your ideal will have to be recast, because it is fanciful.

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**To Think is not to Be.**—First thought, then feeling, then purpose, then will, and, last of all, character,—that is being. The interval between thought and being is immeasurable. Yet the universal self-delusion is this, when a man has a good thought he fancies he has *become* what he thinks for the moment. Good thoughts are



very good; but, unaccompanied by the difficult processes of character, they are often no better than soap-bubbles.

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**Evidence of Inspiration.**—Inspiration creates its own evidence. The inner has always a counterpart in the outer. When a man's inward has met its recognition in the outward, let him then believe his time has come.

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**Energy and Repose.**—Half the world's misery<sup>4</sup> is owing to energy misapplied, and the other half owing to inactivity. Do not believe in the reservation of energy when your time has come: when it has not, learn to be immovable as a rock. There is as great strength in repose as in the most incessant work.

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**Prayers and Crosses.**—Commonly speaking, blessedness lies in the harmony of prayers with events. Uncommon men meekly bear the burden of the world's contradictions to their innermost prayers, and feel they are fulfilled. To be

joyful amid joy is no great feat of the spirit: to be full of peace amid trouble is the victory of God's elect.

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**Wickedness, and the Wicked.**—Amidst the easy overflow of trust and tenderness of David, the oft-repeated anathemas against "the wicked" (in other words, his enemies) pull up the reader's heart with a very unpleasant hitch. But it has to be borne in mind that the least shadow of indulgence to wickedness and wrong means the death-blow to all love and faith. If these anathemas be read not as against the wicked, but *wickedness*, the moral objection disappears. Wickedness may be personified as "the wicked," to give point to the denunciation; and, so long as you do not mean any *particular person*, no harm is done by such a figure of speech.

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**Self Lost and Gained.**—Self-giving and self-getting are the poles of religious life. The highest reward of the religious man is that he attains his ideal self, and loses the unreality known as personal interest.

**Circumstance.**—Circumstance is Providence, circumstance is opportunity, circumstance makes the world, circumstance is a spell within which lies hid the seed of glorious success. Learn to use your circumstance, and to this end may God shed light on your soul. Only beware of the taint of falsehood and self-interest!

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**Rules.**—Study the rules of conduct set up by the best and greatest among mankind. If you want to be simple and natural, you will not find *one* that will suit your case exactly. Every man must solve anew the problem of moral relations. Dead men's robes seldom fit those alive. The past will give help immeasurable, but never reproduce itself in the present.

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**The Storm.**—The storm howls and shrieks and beats the iron roofing of my humble hermitage like an army of demons. The rain is driven like level shafts, pelting and tearing the forest leaves that tremble. The fog thickens and covers all like a funeral pall. Not a bird

twitters, not an insect hums. The ceiling leaks, drip, drip, drip, dull, wearing, dark! I have only a sense of being in God, nothing more. All else, the storm without, the storm within, is but the play of force which I did not make, cannot unmake. With no more than a sense that I am in thee, I have the strange power of keeping under the shelter of thy feet, O Lord. The winds and the waters may carry away my little home, disease, poverty, and passion may break up my poor body, they may hasten my death; but nothing can displace me from God, my abode. It is impossible to fight with the forces of fate, and conquer. The elements will crush many, the physically unfit cannot survive in this struggle. But I will survive; this sense of rest and immortality in God cannot go. When the storm is lulled, the trees will rest; when the rain beats no more, the birds will sing; when the fogs and clouds clear, the sun will come out again. Force arises, force storms, force tears everything, then sleeps again. Life-force rages, the passions scream, ignorance thickens, the world howls, the ego is delirious, God is hidden. The pride of life is beaten down, the passions

sleep, wisdom shines like the great orb, the ego softens into devout dependence, God overcomes. Brother, God is all in all. I am but the slave of his slave.

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**Excelsior.**— Before the witness of God make up your attitude to all the world and to each individual man. Assimilate in yourself the character of the holiest and best, but let your individuality be as inspired and original as theirs. Never fear to climb the most inaccessible because men think you are a cripple.

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**Miracle.**— There can be no faith and dependence without miracle. But miracle does not mean the violation of known law: it is the discovery and fulfilment of unknown law.

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**Cost of Thy Message.**— Long, sad, bitter experience, repeated times without number, convinces me that man must be Christ-like,—that is, he must suffer, be degraded, be slain, to find acceptance above, and accomplish his destiny here

below. Let the cross do its work with you first, die unto the world, and then, *not till then*, can you deliver your message. True work is immortal, but thou must die to do it.

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**Be Warned.**—The lack of strength surely shows ill health and death's approach. When thou canst not endure, or plan, or execute, thou ailest deeply somewhere. Thy end is not far. When the communion of the Spirit gives thee no sword and buckler, no courage and stronghold, no assurance and peace, it is not God thou hast met, but some devouring demon who will slay thee.

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**Whose Sympathy?**—But one unfailing, unending comfort I have. It is the measureless sympathy of the divine humanity in Christ. That never deceives me, never leaves me. O Divine Man, many-hearted, many-handed, repeatedly dying, being repeatedly born, I want to be incorporated into thee. Driven, trampled, never understood, strangely hated, I look up to thee, and wish to merge in thee. I have the

sympathy of the most loving and best in all lands. If those who are unknown to me and not my own are so gracious, why should my known and my own turn their faces? God's law is inscrutable. Friend, let us submit.

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**Loss.**— You want to make sacrifice, but would suffer no loss! There can be no sacrifice without loss to body or mind or worldly goods. Loss for the sake of loss is vain and unnatural. Loss for the sake of love is sweet and natural.

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**My Wife.**— Wring this prayer out of my sad heart, O God of love. Thou art in my poor, faithful wife as the ministering, all-suffering angel. Why doth she love on so unaccountably? I move in the upper chambers in the breezes and morning coolness: she sweats and sighs near the kitchen furnace in this fearful weather. She feeds me, clothes me, lays me to sleep; rises often at midnight to see I have rest. This little house, the poor little garden, all the things we have, she cares for and keeps in

order. With unwilling, perverse servants she has to deal and struggle; and I cannot supply her with the humblest wherewithal to do all this! I cry unto thee in great pain and humiliation. Broken in health, dispirited, absolutely friendless, I cry unto thee alone. Nothing is now left me but to trust in thee, and struggle to do my duty, however feebly I may do it. Fortify me with faith and perseverance; fortify me with devotions and purity of heart. Purge every inch of my life, every atom of my body. And, above all things, I pray, give my devoted wife to know of the light, consolation, and peace with which thou fillest me at times. Her services keep me alive: let my services help her overburdened life. We are alone, alone, very alone. Let thy spirit bear us company in all this desolation of the world.

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~~I have Wanted.~~—My relations with the Indwelling Spirit are joyous, true, deep, sufficient; but, still, there is an unquenchable longing for human relation and man's sympathy. The more I attain God, the more I crave for man. End-



less misery is the effect of this craving. How every man disappoints me ! yet I am compelled to love him with strange unaccountability.

**Steeps.**— There is a road to every eminence in life, only earnestly seek it in the light of God. Royal roads are few : steep roads are many. The steep bad road, however, surprises by taking you to your goal unexpectedly and in a short time. Even when there is a royal road, it is always a long and a roundabout one. In the mountains you have to climb : you cannot drive in a carriage and pair. Heights and struggles, lowlands and luxuries, go together. Height reveals height. Difficult attainments show the higher possibilities of man.

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**The Two Ends.**— In my private life the two ends I am trying to work out are : first, how to be a man of perfect faith and obedience, yet find means to do every duty in the world in which I am placed to serve ; second, how to live a life without conscious breach of any moral

law,— a life void of all offence,— yet keep every relation, both domestic and social, in its full integrity.

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**Consort.**— Associate thy wife lovingly and trustfully in thy highest occupations and deepest religious exercises.

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**Seeds.**— Heavenly seeds produce heavenly harvests: earthly seeds produce earthly harvests. As thou sowest, so wouldst thou reap. But I have sown heavenly seeds and reaped harvests both in heaven and earth. Worldly means for life's ordinary and religion for extraordinary occasions made men hopelessly worldly. The contradiction between religion and life has become irreconcilable. Follow heaven steadily and faithfully, and it suffices both for here and hereafter.

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**The Fires.**— *Tapa* means the fires which burn away all wickedness. There are five very real fires that consume me: first, the fire of ill-health; second, the fire of worldly want; third,

the fire of persecution; fourth, the fire of sin; fifth, the fire of unbelief. Sitting amidst these fires, I invoke the consolations of the Spirit. Cause these fires to soothe me like Himalayan snows: cause thy daily, actual help to support me.

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**Religion Suffices.**—Either religion becomes a matter of common prudence or the religious man becomes a dreamer and an incapable. He who has found the practical secret of living on earth by faith, love, and holiness has solved the problem.

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**Serve.**—Free hitherto by scorning all restraints of God and man, how often are the two one!—now let us be free as thine bond-slave, O Lord. Teach me to welcome all bonds except the bonds of sin. Teach me by serving all men to be known as thy servant.

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**Judgment.**—A judgment day is certain. In the case of some men it is *here*. In the case of the majority it is hereafter. In a few cases it is

both here and hereafter. The judgment and the sentence have both come to me now. I am serving out my term. Let me strictly observe the prison discipline. My only prayer is that I may finish it before I am finished, that I may pay my debts and make my atonement before I depart hence.

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**Judgment.**—Thy judgment is working its dreadful execution on me. I am agonized and torn from limb to limb. But I am daily purified, O Lord, from hidden faults. If this process goes on for a long time, I rejoice to anticipate what the result will be. Teach thou me to be patient for a little while yet.

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**Friendlessness.**—God, my God, behold how poor and alone I stand! I am robbed of almost all that makes worldly life. Wholly destitute of means to support myself, my place and usefulness taken from me, without health, expecting always to fall, yet preserved, without a friend to stand by my side, I run hither and thither to escape the grasp of death. Even for

this they hate me. They would fain see me die in my helplessness, and exult in the satisfaction of their spite. Give me to bear all this in the strength of thy sonship, give me to love and forgive in the peace I have with thy Spirit. Let the consolation of thy grace preserve my dignity amidst these mean surroundings. Father, they could have made things still worse for me, and worse things have befallen thy servants. Give me the strength to bear the full weight of my burden; and, though they wish for my death, let me live unto thy glory alone.

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**Earthly Impurity.**—I will leave behind on the earth its short-lived impurities. I will clear every debt I ever yet made. I will depart as pure as I came,—nay, purer,—because the perfect grace of thy Spirit will crown me with righteousness.

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**Generosity.**—Be generous: learn to be charitable while yet you are poor. For, with better times, the double temptation to meanness and selfishness will surely come.

**Better Times.**—I have tried to practise love and forgiveness while hatred and ill-treatment were fiercest. Men took it for imbecility and dissimulation. When Providence exalts me, my love and forgiveness will be put to the proof. Then men will believe.

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**Light Divine.**—I have put on my eye the prism of love, and behold the light of the Holy One's face. The light of divine purity is a mellow light full of many colors, each of which is a beautiful virtue. Oh, the many-tinted waters of thy holiness! Every quality in thee is holy. Holiness is not one virtue. Holiness means the whole character, as light is not one color, but the harmony of all.

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**Rule.**—Temporal things ruled by spiritual power, that is not only the function of the church, but of every man of faith. The spirit must have the kingdom of the body, the formless must reign over form. Seeking the inner possession, the believer must have everything else added to him. God rules over the universe.

God's children rule over the things of the earth. Our Father is the Supreme King : every faithful son of his is a born prince.

**Faith.**—The sentiment of trust, however tender, does not make faith. The emotion within and the answering sense of reality without, *that* forms the integrity of faith. When I cry "Father," there is an answering cry, "Yea, I am with thee."

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**God shares.**—Dost thou share my true poverty, is there a deep sympathy in thy breast for my want? Yes, for this wonderful assurance of help is from thee, O Father. There is no fear of dishonor or downfall so long as thy Spirit is my fellow-sufferer.

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**The Zenana.**—My soul, thou art a worshipper, perhaps a devotee. Thou art a servant, perhaps an apostle. But thou standest still in the outer court of heaven. Thou art not the son yet. None but the son can find access into the inmost sanctuary of the Mother's Zenana.

**Everything Within.**—The universe every child knows is not outside, but in man. Humanity is not outside, but also within myself. The manifold teaching of humanity is concentrated in me. The light and beauty of all the worlds are reflected in my brain. Both matter and man have burst like egg-shells, and the spirit-bird from them has winged its flight into my soul. God is in me. God is in me. His Spirit has made her nest in my heart. I cannot die in the Eternal God. I have become divine and immortal.

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**Events and Things.**—What we ignorantly call events and things form the real kingdom of God. Events, however untoward, establish the reign of the Almighty. Thy kingdom *has* come. When circumstances show forth the reality of God's purpose and providence, then indeed is God proved to us.

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**Secure Possession.**—Tired, tempted, humbled, saddened, who can take away thy name from my tongue, who can take away thy glory from my heart? One secure possession I have: thou



art that. Let me earn Thee more and more. They can drive me out of everywhere, they can drive my soul from my body; but they cannot drive me from thy doors!

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**Law Moral and Spiritual.**—The dream of religious men is that no trouble will happen to them, that they can escape law. The full measure of law shall be exacted out of every child of the flesh: religion makes no difference. The servants of God often suffer more than others; but there is this difference: the child of the Spirit, by the sure action of spiritual law in the wonderland of the Spirit, does not fear the catastrophe of bodily accidents. Being in God, he can bear all, and in evil find and feel the good. It is *I* who fear, suffer, doubt. When that *I* has gone home to heaven, death has no sting.

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**True Work.**—One work is the chief work of life, but there must be subsidiary works of many kinds. Every piece of real work helps every other, as layers of masonry laid over each other

compact and complete the whole building. Always mean to serve the Lord, never yourself; and he will, O laborer, daily find thy work for thee.

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*The Five Courts.*—The mansion of heaven on earth has five courts. The first is the Court of Opinions, where so-called believers of every denomination stand with their “articles of faith.” The second is the Court of Names, where men of excellent opinions stand to take the name of God at appointed times, and lay before him the utterances of private and public worship. The third is the Court of Sentiments, where there is a beautiful lake of liquid made of men’s and women’s tears, bordered with flower gardens of religious fancies of all sorts. The fourth is the Court of Duties, where religious men labor often in vain to convert into practice what they have believed and felt and said. Those duties always leave a gap behind. The fifth court is the Court of Harmonies, where the four others mix and mingle in the temple of religious character. Here begins the inner spiritual world, composed of the Sonship of God, which is unity of mind,

heart, and will \*with the Divine Parent. The five courts mentioned above make the Darbar-i-Am (the outer gates) of Paradise. The Darbar-i-Khas (the inner apartment) begins with sonship, with unity, with identification in all things with God's will. How many courts it has, how many mansions, what ascending infinity of holy conditions and blessednesses ! Lead me into thy inner chambers, O Spirit ! lead me to oneness with thyself.

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**Superstition.**— If your faith were only as strong as your superstition, you could walk over the waves and still them.

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**Between False Hope and Despair.**— Between the flatteries of false hope and the croakings of despair there is a still moment when the blessed accents of divine assurance are heard. Flesh and blood cannot hear them, or, hearing, cannot understand. Faith receives and understands. Like the rush of eternal waters the voice comes to my lowly soul, comes with all the promise of the messiahs and saints, comes with all the

prophecy of the scriptures and holy experiences. The God of truth cannot lie. Deliverance shall come, but in the Lord's own time and way. Patience, yet a little patience, O my son!

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**The Two Thieves.**—Christ was crucified with two thieves on two sides, who also died the same death. Why was Christ glorified, and not they? Because Christ suffered for loving and serving God, and they for loving and serving themselves. Yet one of the two who repents and believes at the last moment, even though he be a thief, atones for the past, and is admitted into heaven. But, only when you die for the reason of loving and serving God too well, may you hope to share in the glory of Christ.

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**Pride lingers.**—Wealth is gone, even the commonest means of life are gone. Why is the vanity of wealth not gone? O Saviour, now save me from covetousness in every form! Health and strength are nearly gone, old age has come. Lord, save me from the vanity of

personal appearance. Whatever reality there is in me, whatever immortality, cause my life to put it on. Deliver me from the pomp and pride of this world.

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**Anæsthetic.**—The wild devotedness of self-consecration is an anæsthetic that kills pain, depression, and the sense of men's cruelty. Enthusiasm deadens everything else. Never nurse thy depression; attend to something else.

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**Meekness a Discipline.**—Meekness is such a difficult virtue to attain that the discipline of humiliation is forced upon us as a help. If the Lord has brought thee low, my poor soul, lie in the dust for a little while. All that is high is brought low, in order that what is low may be brought high. Men do not understand that they cannot be proud and humble in the same breath.

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**Paper Money.**—The promises of the Scriptures and good wishes of friends are paper money. They have a contingent value. Paper

money is nothing better than paper until it is converted into gold. But this paper money has the largest currency. I have not yet cashed the promissory notes of prayer and faith. Payment is deferred from day to day. In God's great bank the signature on my draft requires witnesses, and the assets of character are wanted. Brother, wilt thou be my witness when the great day of reckoning arrives?

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**Worship and Holiness.**—Oh, marvellous and unending is the joy of adoring and glorifying God! There is nothing like it, nothing like it in life. I, who know many pleasures of life, bear my testimony. But this joy loses its reality when unattended by the sanctity of character. I would hasten to the place where the pure in heart glorify God. How seldom are worship and holiness found together!

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**Pay thy Debts here.**—The temptations of the flesh must be conquered in the flesh. It is an indispensable condition of the soul's uprising and union with God. If this condition is not fulfilled

here, it will have to be fulfilled elsewhere; and in this sense *there is a rebirth of souls*. Square thy accounts at once, if the terror of death is to be avoided and the agony of retrial.

**The Dark Angel.**—Stay, stay, thou angel of disease! abide with me yet awhile! Strange and sweet are the messages thou bearest on thy wings, messages of home, union, health, life purged of all flesh. Sweet and strange are thy holy teachings about earth's relations and vanities. Through all this labyrinth of cold infirmities I behold the strong gates of the eternal city. Through all this impenetrable darkness of life's approaching end I hear the swelling harmonies of the other shore. "Glory, glory be unto God! on earth peace, good will among men!"

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**Different Now.**—It is not possible that in all this deadly decline and disease of the flesh you can retain the same conscious and intense concentration of spirit which was your joy in health and strength. In simple faith, in the

simple name of God, you must find your consolation. The Father will have mercy on you in your weakness. One moment now will yield as much as a twelvemonth did before. The pregnancy of life advances as it draws to a close. Death may mean tribulation, but it also means deliverance.

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**Behold the Rulers.**—In the chamber of horrors where I have been consigned by the great Judge, one significant item is that my rulers and judges are pitiful youngsters, without the elements of knowledge and character, worldlings who have nearly lost the feeling of truth, reverence, and devotion, old fools who are as vain, worldly-minded, as they are unwise, and non-descripts of all sorts, whose only claim to power is that they can utter unmeasured quantities of cant, and shallowness, and parrot lore. The princes of Israel are the refuse and sweepings of the kingdom. They would despise my rule, but they would fain rule *me* with a rod of iron; and I am determined to submit to their rule as far as the sense of God in me will allow. The least and most wretched will be my masters.



Such is the decree of God. I will bow my neck to every one whom the Father has given to rule ; but I will bow as a man, not as a slave. I will submit in the name of the glory of God, never for my own interest and ease. Alas ! who are these men, O God, who have usurped the direction of thy kingdom, where will they lead it, what will they do with it ? Give me the strength of patience not to leave thy kingdom, but to give submission to all men who have power, so that out of evil good may come in the end.

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**Unbelief and Sin.**—Sound it as it may, whether men understand it or not, the fact is infidelity is a greater sin than sin itself. Faith can cure sin ; but what can cure unbelief ?

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**Latw Inexorable.**—Thou stern, fearful, inexorable Power, no one who dares disturb the adjustments of thy physical, economic, moral, or spiritual world shall escape punishment. The sufferings of mankind are great, but they have all been necessary. It is not wonderful we suffer.

Have we not deserved it all? It is wonderful we learn so little from our suffering. God, give us the spirit of repentance and holy endeavor. Give us wisdom; strength to obey thy laws. Give us love and humility to receive thy teaching. Thy chastisements always purify; but, oh, guide us that we may not err again.

---

**Prophets.**—The vast difference between you and the prophets is not that God was more with them than he is with you. Providence is even-handed in merciful help. The difference is you cannot believe that God is with you, while the others always did so. The Father is indeed with you, but you cannot feel it unless you do all you can to be with him. Infidelity and sin always go hand in hand.

---

**The Problem and Its Solution.**—Your trouble is not harder than of the rest, though in all conscience it is hard enough, my poor fellow! The problem of life is such a difficult problem that it is foolish to hope to solve it at one stroke. The solution must be a long process. It must

take thy whole life to solve life's problem. What, then, is man's satisfaction? Only this, that he works his way by God's help from stage to stage, from step to step. The Great Master only prompts the next step, not beyond. The end is as dark to the understanding as before, but not dark to faith. The five senses do not see much, but the sixth sense does. Be not anxious, neither despondent. It is enough if the awful Spirit be with thee, and lead thee to the next stage of thy pilgrimage.

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**Thyself.**—Find yourself, know yourself, be yourself. The best you can do is only possible under that condition. Yes, there is such a thing as eternal death. The vanity which thou knowest as thyself will surely die. Nothing can save it. Only after thou art dead another will rise out of thy ashes who shall not die.

---

**My Children.**—I have many children among the youth, many sons and daughters who love me. Why are the young drawn to me, because I am drawn to them? That cannot be the only

reason. There is a perpetual youth and freshness in my soul, a tenderness, womanliness, which age hates, but youth admires. I am a companion of the man and the woman alike, but the proportion is seldom adjusted. I cannot long keep my right nature. It is making, breaking, making anew. When shall I be complete? Oh, when?

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**Small Details.**—O devotee, O apostle, O prophet, once more let me entreat you to be mindful of the smallest details of your daily life, your money dealings, your conduct towards your wife, children, servants, inferiors, your private habits, your food, drink, sleep, work. Deceitful are all abstractions. Very vain are most emotions. Words are mere idle wind. The best men often show strange unsoundness in conduct. Take care of the small things you do. The great things will take care of themselves.

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**Joy and Sorrow.**—Who knows what is the marvellous calmness of the peace of God? When every man's sorrow is thy sorrow, can any one,

O divine man, measure the awfulness of that sorrow? When every man's joy is thy joy, thy joy is indeed unspeakable. Sorrow without joy is a deadly illness. Despair is an offence against heaven and earth. Joy without sorrow is heartless selfishness.

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**Debtors.**—God is sufficient. He lacks nothing, wishes for nothing. Yet everything we give out of *love*, he prizes as a treasure. Not the gift, but the love, availeth. My son, give unto God. The highest form of life is to live upon almsgiving. Ask nothing, expect nothing, give thy charity to all men; and may men give thee the little thou dost need! Be not a hireling. If men do not give, very good, God will. Make them your debtors: do not be theirs.

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**The Golden Mean.**—Self-assertion is the death of all true influence; yet without self-assertion no establishment of the ideal is possible. The secret of the spiritual man is to know where to efface and where to express himself. All spiritual heroes possessed this secret.

**Owe to the Poor.**—The rich cannot spare money: the poor can. It requires greater self-sacrifice for them than for the latter. If possible, never go to the former to borrow or beg. Owe to the poor rather than to the rich. But be thou charitable unto all, to the rich as well as the poor.

---

**Woman.**—The vilest idolatry is the idolatry of pretty women. Never be rude to them or to any woman of any kind. When you cast your eyes upon her, rather feel you are looking upon a piece of workmanship. Personally, her charms do not interest you.

---

**A Change.**—Ten months' absence has greatly mellowed me. Much kindness, much affection for every one, has revived. Much evil indeed has been done, much justice executed: some have fallen through their misdeed, and some have apparently risen through their misdeed. The wheel of law is moving and moving in *our* little world also, casting down, tossing up: the cries of shame, sorrow, vengeance, exultation, rend this atmosphere of vanity. The shadow

of the darkness of death is cast across men's threshold, the gulf is opening underneath their feet. They see not: alas! they heed not! O God, save!

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**Realism.**—Tired of this moonshine of idealism, I hunger after realistic faith. Take me to where God *works*, and men do not snore. Take me to where God builds, breaks down, afflicts, rewards, achieves, and unrolls things out of the eternal abyss. I hunger for the divinity that is *outside* myself, that is unlike myself, the God that is in other men, in events other than those of my own wretched, petty life.

---

**The Other Shore.**—From the other shore of eternity the perfume faintly comes, O Beloved, that produces the dim certainty that heaven is, and our beloved await us there. Faith catches now and then the echo of the immortal harmonies. But when Christ says, "Let not your heart be troubled, . . . I go to prepare a place for you," the dimness breaks out into glory. Yet, yet, I feel my faith vision has not suffi-

ciently penetrated the veil. O God, lead me out of all flesh into the depths of thy communion. For I trust thee in all death: life after death is there.

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**Be forbearing.**—My son, trample not upon those who are already cast down, though it be they have fallen by their own iniquity; nor envy those who have risen by the fall of their enemy, for they are digging their own graves. Pray and endeavor that truth, righteousness, and the holy purposes of God may prevail.

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**Externals.**—Do not despise externals: creation is the vestment of God; the seen is the evidence of the unseen.

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**Contraries.**—The law of contraries is the law of spiritual life. In the meanest of circumstances feel the dignity and elevation of thy state. In the height of appreciation and success feel the utter vanity and inadequacy of all earthly things. Contemplate the royalty of Christ when they arrayed him in the mean dyed cloth, gave him the



broken reed for a sceptre, and bound him with the cord in token of the gospel of freedom he came to spread.

---

**More than Gold.**—There was a time, O Beloved, not so very long ago, when, though I found thee in a measure, thy communion was compared to gold and silver of this earth. Whatever I might *say*, I *felt* thou wert less valuable treasure than they. Now that the true sense of finding thee dawns upon my tired spirit, the old estimate is changed every day. Earth itself is becoming a shadow; and what is the worth of earth's values? Let this dawn brighten into noonday, and in thy name I will yet conquer all things, both earthly and heavenly. What a marvel it is to be admitted into thy presence! No one knows the secret, no one shall. Yea, there is greater honor with thee than to be received to a long conference with the head of the British Empire. I know both, and I scorn the hollowness of human courts before the glory of thy communion. All the universe bears testimony to what thou art: "day speaketh unto day." And for the offering of

such a thing as myself to be accepted before thee in exchange for the marvel of thy grace and thy love to be given unto me! The thought is well-nigh an intoxication, and drowns the sense of fatigue, pain, and sorrow of life. For *me* to call thee Father, Friend, Mother, and to find the inner response and the outer confirmation! The whole earth bursts into a heavenly song. There is no want, nothing incomplete: all inequality is gone. O Beloved, long and weary has been the way of my pilgrimage. Now I am indeed tired, sometimes tottering: now receive me into thy true companionship and everlasting sympathy. Thou alone art real: all else is vain.

---

**Fear of Man.**—The infinite faculty of utterance, thought, and action has been repressed by this vile imbecility of the fear of man, the fear of pain, the fear of death. The fear of others' displeasure and the foolish cruel wish of pleasing men—a wish doomed to eternal disappointment—have robbed me of all nobility of manhood. Every time I trample under foot such fear, I become an immortal.

**Mean Opportunities.**—If you have any real mission, do not wait to do it on a large scale, in large places and grand circumstances. When the grand occasion comes, welcome. If it does not, no place or opportunity or condition is too mean for you to accomplish the purpose for which you came.

---

**For Thy Sake.**—For thy sake a wanderer, an eye-sore to men, why, then, art thou so far, O my Father? Humiliated and set at naught in my old age, behold men receive ~~my~~ services with contempt. I want acceptance by thee. Oh, why art thou so far away? Weary and painful is my day, my night full of bad dreams, the shadow of death is cast across my threshold. Lord, receive me: I am fainting at thy gate.

**In God's Hand.**—My son, my son, thou knowest not yet what it is to be in God's hands. It means an isolation, an exile, a solitude, in which man's pride is thoroughly broken down. It means the crucifixion of every faculty and of every sense. Mind and morals, self-re-

spect and life, all belong to the lower world. To be in God and with God and at his disposal means in life to be the man of sorrows and in death to die like Christ.

---

**Service.**—My service has not been careless. I have thought and I have sought to please God. The reward has been humiliation deep and grievous. But this has stimulated farther and more careful service. I have cast myself upon the wheel of divine purposes: if I am crushed there, joy and peace are in the thought.

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**Make thy Peace.**—Make thy peace with man, or heaven will not be a place of rest for thee. Whether you like to call them your enemies or not, there must always be some to think of whom breaks the repose of your spirit, whose likenesses haunt you like mutilated spectres demanding satisfaction. They will follow you to the doors of death,—yea, beyond. Whether you have done harm to them or they to you, it matters not: it is enough they stand between you and your God. Make your peace with them.

Not by yielding to men's wickedness or flattering their vanity, but by thinking no evil against them, doing your duty, by loving and forgiving, by seeing in them the unconscious divine purpose,—in short, seeing them as you used to be-fore they did you any harm.

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**Peace with God.**—How easy seems the task of making thy peace with thy God! Is he not thy *own* ideal? You can put in a patch of more color or less in it, as you like. How easy to make your peace with Christ! Is he not thy own doctrine? Is he not dead? You can make him a little less or more severe, just to suit your case. It is not so easy to make your peace with thy God through living men,—nay, even through your own awakened conscience.

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**God with Thee.**—Thou hast failed to retain the faith unshaken that God is for thee. A little browbeating on the part of men has made thee an infidel. Greater trials are at hand. My soul, pray that God may grant thee faith.

**Thy Will.**—It has never been as I willed it. My deepest, best, holiest will has been as chaff before thy purposes, O Awful One. I pray only teach me to do my duty to the best of my power, and for all the rest submit to the workings of thy Spirit.

---

**Relief of Good Work.**—I have overcome my worst enemy; that is, myself. I have found peace, and the Spirit of God is with me. "I feel," said Stanley, in returning from Central Africa, "like a laborer on Saturday evening, my week's work done, my week's wages in my pocket, and glad that to-morrow is Sunday." And in a small way I, too, feel like that, going home from abroad.

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**Keshub.**—The sixth anniversary of Keshub's ascension! The new sanctuary is half empty, owing to the defection of the missionaries. They have beautifully adorned the place as well as the bedroom, where in his agonies, and then in the peace of death, he lay. The heaven-ascended spirit can be communed with through an ardent access to the Holy Spirit. In the

presence of God Keshub is present. He touches me : he makes me like himself. The communion with the ascended spirit, being under earthly conditions, is limited to the experiences of the earth ; but it is soul-satisfying.

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**Heirs of God.**—The heirs of God,—they all die before they reach their majority. Few, very few, come to possess and use what is theirs in the world. The wealth of God is nearly all uninherited. Men handle a few farthings ; and do not know, or, knowing, can not get at, the vast storehouses laid by. They run into debt at the pawn-broker's, while they could make drafts on eternity and purchase all mankind.

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**Harness of Hard Work.**—Between the romance of prayer and the romance of fulfilment there is the intermediate machinery of time, law, labor, cause, and effect. It is a long, disagreeable, disheartening process. Few have the patience and steadiness to be able to go and work it out. Yet this is the inviolable condition of re-

ligious life. Nothing but daily faith, habitual self-abasement, ceaseless work, and incessant devotional exercise can carry us through. I assure you very, very few men believe in the efficacy of prayer. Men believe in the poetry of devotion, believe in the effect of work, but seldom believe in fulfilment of prayer by grace through hard work.

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**Godly Energy.**—It is not in power of thought or depth of feeling or even grasp of faith I lack, O my God: I lack in the force of directing energy to ends. The energy of water, fire, and atmosphere men turn to their bodily ends, and create civilization, which is ever on the march to perfectness. I have failed to use myself, and in thy world of wealth am poor all my life. Tell me the secret of turning spirit into matter, and matter into spirit. Life will be a ghastly failure without that.

---

**Environment.**—Retire into the wilderness, if you will; but your life in God, to be genuine, must overcome your environment. And this environment, if it does not crush your spirit,



buries under unseen depths what is best and sweetest in you. But one among a million pilgrims, but a poor day-laborer, tired in life's miserable struggles, I wait by the roadside for a healing touch, for a comforting look from thee, O Beloved. I am not what men take me for: I am not what I think in my pride or in my despondency. I am what thou knowest me to be,—thy son, thy servant, thy humanity, thy partaker, and thy part, here and hereafter.

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**Spend.**—As the coveted wealth, called “life,” becomes less and less, we naturally, though foolishly, want to save it, not to spend it. But what is the enjoyment of any treasure if it is not spent? In itself life is nothing. It is not mine: I cannot keep it. Spent in the Master's service, it is a treasure that buys eternal blessedness. Old or young, weak or strong, spend thyself for God.

---

**Spirit, Return!**—Return, return, O my holy, glorious self! O child of humanity, return! Where hast thou fled from this thy broken,

humble home? Why hast thou left this aching flesh to be torn by beasts and birds of prey? Come, God-in-me! come, Christ-in-me! In thy absence every element of my nature is rotting, and all being is annihilated. I cry out in dismal fear, in the dread of sure death I cry, Come and fill me, and once more make me myself.

---

**Heart Union.**—Believe in the supernatural power of heart union. When five men with united heart and purpose call upon God's name devoutly or serve him steadily, wonderful results may be expected. But if falsehood or wrong or selfishness enter into that union, there will be results still, but unnatural results, which may overwhelm those who bring them about. Labor after union always, but dread to have unity except on the highest, holiest ground.

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**Godless Prayer.**—To pray for grace of God against the law of truth and right is sheer ungodliness; yet in the pressures of life how often we wish it! To be without hope of grace in all

that we bear is to be unloving and faithless. To labor steadily and humbly to keep the purposes of the blessed God, to wait for his mercy as the daily meat and drink of life, is all thou canst do. It is vain to think of comprehending the Eternal's methods by the mere intellect. Heart and spirit and holiness and wisdom may feebly trace the forms and movements of God.

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**Fear of Death.**—Living under the very shadow of the wings of the angel of death, O my soul, why fearest thou to depart hence? Daily and hourly are thy bonds of flesh being loosened: a hundred voices whisper that heaven is fuller than this sweet abode of the earth. My spirit responds always to the holy greetings from above. The rest and peace of death fill me again and again: the forgetfulness and forgiveness of death bathe me, and wash out all the smarting sense of pain and injustice. Wrapped in immortality, I can bear the heat and dust of the world. Why, then, do the fears and passions come back? Why does the flesh tremble at the thought of its dissolution? I am dissolv-

ing already: half of me has disappeared. Let the other half cheerfully contemplate its lot. The blessed messenger of God shall complete his work: the corruptible shall soon put on the incorruptible.

---

**Preference.**—If I am given the preference, I would have hell in this life, heaven in the next. I would atone here for all my infidelities and misdeeds in sackcloth and ashes like Job. I would die faultless and purified. This grace has God given me. No one has suffered as I have suffered in one little body; but I will yet sing of salvation and triumph, and shall die in glory. Heaven is before me: all suffering is behind. Oh, how dreadful it were if I felt heaven is behind and all suffering in the future'

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**God's Name.**—One slight syllable is the key which opens a whole secret universe of glory, where I am calmed, anointed, and crowned. Great is God's name. There is no greater miracle. My soul, never tire to take that unspeakable name. O Beloved, say how shall I

take my beloved into thy abode of peace and greatness? My joy shall never be complete until they all come. If there be any solitude before God, it includes all humanity.

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**Rest.**— Ever struggling, ever working, vainly striving to give effect to thy purposes, behold, O Lord, I sink under this weight of sorrow and care. There is none to spare me, to feel for me, to give me comfort: every one is busy with their own affairs. If it be thy pleasure, I would live some time more, and serve thee in peace and love with my fellow-men. But, whether that be thy will or not, blessed Lord, give me rest. The health of the flesh I have lost, never perhaps to regain: give me, I crave, the health and strength of the spirit. I am feeble and stricken, O Lord: give me rest on thy bosom.

**The Forest Brook.**— Look! the forest brook is clear, brisk and talkative as ever before. It chafes, eddies, foams, dimples, laughs, like some celestial child. But the forest trees are dark,

bare, dead. Who will witness the ceaseless play of the stream, cast on it their shadow? Only the great sky bends over it, the great sun sheds its benediction. My friends and fathers are all dead and silent. Eternal Grace, bend over me! Eternal Bosom, embrace me!

**Secret Grace.**—Heaven's wealth, O thou orphan, comes not in millions, but in sixpences. There is strict parsimony with God. Grace comes by stealth, like the dews of the night. It is not the lavish rain which comes at far intervals, but the invisible economical moisture of the heavens that keeps the world green. \*

**Fresh from Death-bed.**—Fresh from the chamber of death, its vacant lassitude still clings to me. Yet there is the peace fullest assurance of immortality within and without. Infinite compassion bends over the death-bed. Sky, earth, and air are full of benediction. The captive is led out of his prison, the tired soul is laid at

rest, the pilgrim has reached from where he came, the child reposes on the bosom of the mother. He leaves behind peace to us all: let all men cry, Peace! peace! peace!

---

**Justice Inexorable**—Every sin committed will exact its unfailing penalty. Moral law accepts no apology. By repentance you can make your peace with God, you can see his love, share his forgiveness, enjoy his communion. But the effects of evil committed or retained shall visit you. Neither theology nor priesthood can play tricks with the awful tribunal of the Holy of holies. Every spiritual man, if he will confess himself, is a strange anomaly,—a strange mixture of good and bad. If what you have done amiss you wish to be undone, begin, and persist in a higher course of doing. Moral law goes beyond, and in the end annuls carnal law. Spiritual law goes beyond, and in the end includes moral law. If evil cannot be undone, good also cannot be undone; and good, being infinitely stronger than evil, shall surely overcome evil some day. Ask God when that day is to come

to you. Wait and work. But in the mean while do battle with yourself in the love and strength of the grace of God. Thus slowly advance in the path of perfect sanctity.

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**Sanctity.**—Rid yourself of the superstition that sin is only a dream. Also rid yourself of the mischievous superstition that Divine Justice cannot love or forgive. Love and forgiveness are as real as the punishment of sin. But the secrets of Infinite Justice and Love are incomprehensible to us. He knows how to punish, or when, or in what measure. He knows upon whom to confer the heavenly crown of abiding, immortal holiness. As for yourself, keep out of the path of evil and conscious defilement.

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**Worship of Nature.**—Really, really, there is an infinite worship night and day around me on these holy mountains! I cannot say what I feel. But the waterfalls and winds are vocal with a solemn chant, which I endlessly listen



to as my most sacred vespers and matins. I cannot adore as they adore. I hear their adorations with inner rapture. Then this marvellous sunlight illumines all the world and my whole being. What cathedral can be more radiant than these snow-lit, star-lit, glorious mountain sanctuaries? Oh, the unseen insects and unseen birds sing all day, all night! What mysterious Presence this among these forests, flowers, streams, summits, everywhere! I will wonder; I will worship,—nay, God's nature worships for me. I am but a listener, but an attendant: the Himalayas carry me on their shoulders to God.

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**Absorption.**—My studies are often distracted, my applications spasmodic, my thoughts uninspired. Henceforward let all interruptions cease. O my God, my God, why am I not cast into the rapturous tides of communion, to be carried into the very depths of thy infinity? Ceaseless and pulseless is absorption in God: life dissolves into death; death is glorified into immortality. Earth is no more, flesh is no more: all is spirit, all is light, joy, oneness, and glory!

**Farewell.**—Can waves exhaust the sea? Can winds suck out the atmosphere? My smiles are no measure of my joy, nor my sighs of my sorrow. These heart-beats are only faint echoes of the heart which beats in God, these breathings are only a feeble sign that I live in my Beloved's arms. I have much more to know, feel, say, and see,—infinitely more. When, where, or if ever it will be here I do not know. O brother, let us abide in God! He is the goal of our being! I am on my way to him. Farewell!



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